FOOD: THE SICK INDUSTRY JENNIFER CROSS

THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 19, 1966 *35 cents*

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

CHICAGO SUMMER

BOSSISM RACISM & DR. KING

PAUL GOOD

THE GOOF-BALL SET

Addiction in the Suburbs MARTIN SCHRAM

OUT BEYOND BROADWAY

Requiem for the Workshop / **FREDERICK H. GARDNER**

Art and Cant at Karamu / **BENNETT KREMEN**

Stratford and Ypsilanti / **JULIUS NOVICK**

Livings in Cincinnati / **ROBERT PASOLLI**

PAPER NEWSPAPER
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

subversive neutral

Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIRS: In "Sniping at Dissent" [*The Nation*, Aug. 22] Melvin Wulf gives copious examples of interference with expression on the Vietnamese fiasco. I fear the sniping is more pervasive than he imagines.

In spite of the fact that Canada is supposedly neutral and thus without a view one way or the other on the Vietnamese situation, the police in Toronto regularly photograph all demonstrators. I had the fortune to be photographed, at which point I recognized the police officer behind the 35 mm. camera as a member of the morality squad for whom I was handling a legal matter.

A newspaper columnist inquired into the incident and was informed by the chairman of the police commission that:

> The taking of photographs of crowds or groups is not necessarily an indication that any criminal offense has been committed by those in the assemblage, but for purposes of:
> (1) Training procedures at the Police College.
> (2) A record of gatherings.
> (3) Identifying subversives.

(Take the first two "reasons" as you will.)

On being questioned on TV, the commissioner stated that the photos are supplied to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, but he "did not know" whether or not they filtered through to the FBI or CIA.

Imagine being a subversive in a country which diplomatically has no views either one way or the other. We have moved beyond public sentiment against dissenters to police action, a very nice state of affairs for those who favor non-persons, non-countries, non-events and non-freedom.

John Sewell

virtue of consistency

Rochester, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: From the editorials, essays and letters from readers, one gets the clear impression that *The Nation* does not appreciate President Johnson's real virtues, but sees only his vices. A recent letter, for instance, compared Johnson with Hitler.

The fact is—we should be greatly thankful for Mr. Johnson's extraordinary virtue of absolute consistency in lying. If Mr. Johnson were not a totally dependable liar, we could not be certain of anything we read in the newspapers. But as things are, one can be absolutely sure of all foreign policy positions of the Great Society (if you'll pardon the expression) by reading all statements negatively. If one reads Monday's *New York Times*, for example, in this manner, Wednesday's *Times* is sure to follow up with a total corroboration.

Only a few weeks ago, Cambodia complained that we bombed one of its villages. With customary Great Society seriousness, without even a giggle, we told Cambodia that they were quite wrong—the village was in Vietnam. . . . Only the other day, the *Times* informed us that the Great Society had announced that the bombed village "may have been" in Cambodia after all. . . .

The total absence of humor which also characterizes the Great Society is wondrously illustrated by its claim that the village "may have been" in Cambodia. Only in the Great Society are matters of fact abstruse metaphysical questions. Of course, it is always within the realm of the possible that Cambodia does not know its own villages. After all, the Great Society is never quite sure whether it is bombing peasants or Vietcong. . . .

Harold Fromm

EDITORIALS

On Timetables

General de Gaulle's proposal that we should indicate a timetable for the withdrawal of our troops from Vietnam has had as little success as previous attempts of his to mediate informally in the war. Some commentators thought that this approach offered hope for a positive response from the American side. It did open such a possibility, but the opportunity has gone unheeded and, in the light of American policy in Southeast Asia, no one should be surprised.

All that de Gaulle's initiative produced was a deepening conviction in Washington that he is America's enemy. The moral plea contained in his discourse is found especially objectionable. De Gaulle argued that we, a great power at war with a small country, could afford a measure of magnanimity. "Giving up an expedition in a faraway land," he said, "when it appears to have no profit and no justification, would in no way injure their [the United States'] pride, thwart their ideas or jeopardize their interests, if an international agreement for restoring peace and developing an important part of the world could be worked out."

Such a lecture, delivered in a forum openly sympathetic to the Vietcong-North Vietnam side, could only raise the hackles on Mr. Johnson's neck—a reflex to which he is prone on much lesser occasions. The United States, he said, has every justification — indeed obligation — and that unless it takes a firm stand in Vietnam the world will regard it as a country unable or unwilling to keep its solemn commitments. He told de Gaulle to speak to Hanoi.

The language in which the reply was couched precluded negotiation, however tentative. Vital treaties had been broken (by Hanoi). Men and arms had been moved illegally across an international boundary to conquer a small nation (by Hanoi). The aggressor had been chastised (by Washington). "Those troops will come home, those bases will be turned over or reconstructed for peacetime purposes," Mr. Johnson concluded, "as soon as that vicious aggression stops." Then, and only then, would he lay on the table the schedule for withdrawal.

But North and South Vietnam are parts of the same country. If we would settle for a unified, neutralized Vietnam, with all foreign troops removed, and its neutrality guaranteed as part of a general settlement for Southeast Asia, we could so state and couple this statement with some hint of a timetable. If, on the contrary, the Administration's intention is clear victory over North Vietnam and the Vietcong, then the rejection of de Gaulle's initiative is quite logical.

If any doubt remained on this point, it was dispelled by Assistant Secretary of State William P. Bundy. The first move for troop withdrawal was up to Hanoi, Mr. Bundy emphasized. Then he went on to discuss Thailand. We did have 25,000 troops in Thailand, he said—the first admission by an American official that we had any forces in that country—but all they were there for was to train the Thais to resist a threat of insurgency. He said nothing about the use of bases in Thailand for air attacks on North Vietnam, although all the world knows that this is going on. Reporting on Bundy's remarks in *The New York Times*, Richard Eder

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said that he "left open the inference, perhaps inadvertently, that the 25,000 United States military personnel were engaged in training a Thai military establishment that numbers about 125,000." Mr. Eder was being polite. Mr. Bundy was simply distorting the facts in Thailand in the same fashion as they have been distorted in Vietnam.

Between them, U Thant (whose replacement as UN Secretary-General is not desired by the United States) and de Gaulle may eventually succeed in prying open a way to peace. But the time is not yet.

The Falsification of History

Buried in the back pages of the Sunday *New York Times* of August 28 was a story which detailed the discrepancies between an official account, published recently by the State Department, and an unpublished account, prepared earlier for intra-departmental use, of the progressive erosion of Franco-American relations between 1958 and 1964. The two versions reached diametrically opposite conclusions about who was to blame for the estrangement.

The official account came as something of a surprise to students of the period because it seemed to demonstrate that General de Gaulle, while pretending to seek a reform of the Atlantic Alliance, had behaved in reality as if his motives all the time were to wreck NATO. Most students had believed, on the basis of the facts then available, that de Gaulle withdrew from the military structure only after his proposals for greater decision-making powers had been rejected. From the State Department account, it seemed obvious that this interpretation would have to be revised.

But the *Times* story shows that the State Department's official account was something close to a lie. What the account did was to omit conveniently all reference to meetings and letters that put any of the onus for the break on the United States Government. For example, the official account says that de Gaulle failed to respond to a specific proposal in 1961, but it neglects to mention that he soon thereafter sent two letters to President Kennedy raising broader issues. President Kennedy answered neither letter. The assertion made in the official account that the United States tried "to go as far as possible to meet the French request" for a greater role in NATO is thus patently false.

The question at issue here is not whether the United States should or should not have yielded to France's greater prominence in the decision-making process. Honorable men can have differences of opinion on that matter. The question at issue here is the lie.

There was a dispute during the Cuban crisis, when nuclear war seemed to hang in the balance, over whether official lying ought ever to be condoned. Since that time, falsehood has become a regular part of the government's information policy, particularly in Vietnam. So suspect have statements of the Johnson Administration become that the condition has even acquired a name: the "credibility gap." But the *Times* story, by its very academic quality, suggests quite clearly that the "credibility gap" has now assumed a new dimension.

It is one thing to lie about current policy, reprehensible though such lying certainly is; it is another to falsify the past. The "discrepancies" that the *Times* found in the State

IN THIS ISSUE

September 19, 1966

EDITORIALS

234

ARTICLES

237 Chicago Summer: Bossism, Racism and Dr. King — *Paul Good*

242 The Goof-Ball Set: Addiction in the Suburbs — *Martin Schram*

245 Report on Food: Prescription for a Sick Industry — *Jennifer Cross*

248 Latin America IV: Labor Between Bread and Revolution — *Sidney Lens*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

252 The Third World in the Real World — *John Gerassi*

254 Common-Sense Communism — *George Kateb*

254 By a rich fast moving stream (poem) — *John Tagliabue*

256 The Actor's Workshop Is Dead — *Frederick H. Gardner*

257 Art and Argot at Karamu — *Bennett Kremen*

259 Stratford and Ypsilanti — *Julius Novick*

260 At 35 (poem) — *Barry Spacks*

262 Blowup in Cincinnati — *Robert Pasolli*

263 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Managing Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
HELEN YGLESIAS

Poetry Editor
MICHAEL GOLDMAN

Copy Editor
MARION HESS

Advertising Manager
MARY SIMON

Washington
ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Paris
ALEXANDER WERTH

Theatre
HAROLD CLURMAN

Art
MAX KOZLOFF

Music
BENJAMIN BORETZ

Science
CARL DREHER

JAMES J. STORROW JR. Publisher
ANNE C. ABRAMOVITZ Assistant

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 203 No. 8*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Department's official account of the Franco-American rift constitute a rewriting of history—a practice for which we have scorned the Stalinists. The act could scarcely have been committed without some sort of sanction from the top. If the President or Secretary of State did not approve the text, one of them must nonetheless take responsibility for the atmosphere out of which these stupid obfuscations emerge. Falsifying history is everyday stuff in *1984*. Is the Johnson government rushing headlong to make Orwell's dateline?

Who's McGinty?

The truth, apparently, is not in Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester, who on other occasions has said the government has "the right to lie" and that he expects reporters in Vietnam to be "handmaidens" of the Defense Department.

Recently Sylvester went before Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee to deny having ever made either remark. He denied that he attempted to manage news out of the battle front. He denied many things. He also denied having anything to do with the transfer back to the United States of Col. William J. McGinty, former Air Force Information Chief who, in the words of William Tuohy of the *Los Angeles Times*, "ran afoul of the military high command information office in Saigon—where frankness and efficiency are in chronically short supply."

Under questioning by Senator Fulbright, Sylvester poohpoohed the whole idea. He didn't know anything about the transfer of McGinty, and he left the impression very strongly that he didn't even know McGinty. In Sylvester's words, taken from the record, "I am not aware of what the case of the Colonel's—Colonel McGinty, is it?"

He might have gotten away with this latest duplicity except for a follow-up by William Hines of the Washington *Star*, who reported that it was well known among reporters who cover the Pentagon that McGinty had had "close and frequent" contact with Sylvester for several years, but especially during publicity duties relating to the controversial TFX fighter plane. After running through a history of their relationship, Hines concluded: "News of Sylvester's denial of acquaintance with McGinty was greeted with shock and incredulity" among Air Force officers.

Failure of a Mission

Eric Goldman, after a term as "intellectual-in-residence" at the White House, charged with promoting better relations between intellectuals and the President, has confessed the failure of his mission, surrendered the seals of office, and returned to Princeton University to write "the first critical appraisal of the Johnson Administration." This study may prove to be the one good thing that this misbegotten enterprise produced.

One gathers that, as an intellectual, Mr. Goldman left the White House with rather less admiration and affection for the President than he had on entering it. The President, Mr. Goldman reports, is suspicious of artists and scholars, "particularly in the East." Whether or not Mr. Goldman so advised the President, the fact is that intellectuals generally do not criticize Mr. Johnson because he lacks the style of President Kennedy or because he did not attend an Ivy League college. Almost all of them voted for him in 1964, largely in response to his repeated assurances that he would not escalate the war in Vietnam. More perhaps than other people, intellectuals are trained to compare script with performance; more perhaps than others, they resent deception.

Despite the disappointing experience with Dr. Goldman, Mr. Johnson has not given up; he is determined to embrace the intellectuals in a Texas hug of manly affection. To this end he has appointed John P. Roche, of Brandeis University, as Dr. Goldman's successor. Mr. Roche is a vigorous supporter of the Administration's policies in Vietnam, and should have little difficulty rallying to the Administration those elements of the intellectual community who approve of the war. The President will thus be spared the unpleasantness of having to listen to those who disagree with him. If that is what he means by cooperation, Mr. Roche can secure it for him. This summer the President dispatched three of his aides out across the country, charged with the task of putting certain questions to as many intellectuals as they could find. The first question was: "Where is the Great Society and where should it go?" The answer is that what was to have been the Great Society program is mired down in the muck of the war in Vietnam. It is a waste of time to talk about a Great Society as long as that war continues.

The pity is that the GOP does not attempt to win over the disaffected intellectuals, as well it might if it gave more weight to the thinking of Mark Hatfield, Charles Percy, John Lindsay and the other bright stars of the party. Recently Governor Scranton called a conference which sought to explore the possibilities of better relations between intellectuals and the GOP, but nothing much came of it. For the moment, the disaffected intellectuals are partyless but still not without influence. If they were without influence, the President would not worry about them.

The Painless War

Except for the radio and the newspaper headlines, no one could possibly guess that the United States is a country at war. "The affluence," writes the Washington correspondent for the *Times* of London, "at least for those with memories of Britain in the last war, is almost obscene." The Americans, as seen through his British eyes, are on a sybaritic hunt for every imaginable variety of pleasure and luxury. It is not sufficient to have a television receiver, or two of them; to be in the swim one must have color TV. It is not sufficient to have a late-model car, or more than one; cars must now be air-conditioned or the family is disgraced. A boat is *de rigueur* for the well-to-do family, whether they know how to sail or not; the result is that the Coast Guard can hardly keep up with weekend distress calls, and waters that were once swimmable are now full of garbage thrown overboard by happy sailors. As for eating, one has only to walk through the nearest supermarket, and the liquor stores tell the same story. "Live it up!" is the American motto of the sixties, supplanting all earlier injunctions to be wise or virtuous.

And yet the country is at war. An average of a hundred

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americans a week are dying in Vietnam, accompanied by about a thousand Vietcong and North Vietnamese, and some $24 billion a year is being spent to bring about this result. In addition, an unknown number of South Vietnamese civilians are killed, burned and crippled. None of this slackens the pace of the pleasure hunt at home. A thrill of horror went through TV viewers when, a few weeks ago, a number of American soldiers were incinerated in one of those unhappy accidents of war that will occur despite all precautions. It was as if American flesh and blood were not the same as Asian. But this sensibility was as transitory as the broadcast, and attention turned again to the length of skirts and the newest fashion in drinks.

Statistically, of course, there is no reason for excitement. Suppose we do lose 5,000 men a year in Vietnam—it is still only a tenth of the deaths on the highways. Suppose we do spend $24 billion a year to make South Vietnam safe for free enterprise—it is only about 3 per cent of the Gross National Product. The representative American believes what the President tells him: that these expenditures of life and treasure are necessary to preserve the nation from the sacrifices a really big war would entail. Thus Vietnam is a sound investment; or you can look on it as an insurance premium. And the soldiers themselves, if we are to believe the news reports, see it the same way. The only ones they are angry at are the draft-card burners.

There is another possible reason for the good-time-Charlie attitude which the American people have largely adopted. They sense that the Vietnamese war is indeed a good investment in the literal sense. American prosperity since the end of World War II—in fact, since the thirties—has been sustained by war and preparation for war. Without the cold war, thoroughgoing revisions of the American way would have been necessary. It was much easier to slide into a twenty-year cold war, with options to renew it as long as necessary. And of course a nation committed to a cold war cannot object to a little bloodshed now and then. Only "peaceniks" protest, and a few voices from the pulpit or the academy. Obviously there is something wrong with these dissenters, or they would be flocking to the discotheques or the beaches. Although in the aggregate there may be several million of these spoilsports, statistically, again, they are hardly more significant than the casualties in Vietnam, and their warnings of the wrath to come are drowned out by the rock 'n' roll from a hundred million loud-speakers.

Dick's in the Act

Across the Atlantic comes word that a tribunal in Geneva has issued *un mandat d'arrêt international* against "Ramfis" Trujillo, the eldest son of the late Dominican dictator. It will be recalled that while El Benefactor was raking in the swag and garroting anyone who asked questions, Ramfis, then a student at the U.S. Army Command and Staff School, was refused a diploma because he had spent more time in dalliance than at his books. "Papa" was furious, not at Ramfis but at the stupid Americans. Now Papa has gone to his rest, but his issue, which contains a large percentage of by-blows, lives after him. Some of these *enfants adultérins (mère inconnue)*, residing in Miami, complain that Ramfis and other accredited heirs have deprived them of their rightful share. Four times Ramfis was summoned, and four times he failed to respond, finally exhausting the patience of the court. But now the silver, indeed golden lining of the cloud is emerging. Among the eminent Swiss and American counsel in the case is Richard Nixon. The presence of the noted jurist and television personality insures that legitimate and illegitimate alike will get all that is coming to them — and the lawyers likewise.

CHICAGO SUMMER

BOSSISM, RACISM AND DR. KING

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting the progress of the civil rights movement.

Chicago

A Nobel Peace Prize winner pits his strength against a political boss and in a test between old and new sources of American power, the boss gives ground. A band of Negroes split off from the main civil rights leadership marches into the sinister suburb of Cicero and predictions of another Balaklava prove somewhat exaggerated. It has been quite a summer in Chicago.

August produced a comprehensive fair-housing agreement between the forces of Dr. Martin Luther King and the power blocs of the community. But accord came only after the threat of violence had produced intolerable tensions; there was no assurance that it would prove workable as internal pressures on black and white mounted even in the moment of agreement. Friday, August 26, may prove a date of historic racial progress in Chicago, or it could mark an unsuccessful effort when there is no time left for failure. On that Friday, Mayor Richard J. Daley, whose Democratic machine was already shaken by weeks of white attack on civil rights demonstrators and by two racial riots, saw Armageddon looming. Dr. King planned to take 3,000 followers into Cicero, a bleached community of 70,000 that in 1951 had violently expelled a Negro couple who tried to move there. Influential white Chicagoans, trying to live down a civic reputation for thuggery and political skulduggery, demanded action.

A conference of white and black leaders, called by the Chicago Conference on Religion and Race, produced an agreement which permitted Dr. King to defer his march. The Mayor hailed the moment as a "great day in the history of the city"—an odd appraisal from the man who had fought for months against making any concessions to the Negroes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That wasn't the only odd thing about the Chicago situation. Dr. King was extravagant in his praise of the settlement. "The total eradication of housing discrimination has been made possible," he said. "Never before has such a far-reaching move been made." But Black Power advocates and some grass-roots leaders who took it upon themselves to speak for the city's most abject black people cried sellout. Their threat to go it alone had a built-in potency because about the only place they had to go was toward violence.

Other contradictions abounded. Catholic Archbishop Cody, with a billion-dollar temporal property under his jurisdiction and a spiritual treasury of 2.5 million souls, stoutly pledged his support of the pact. Yet white mobs who had been attacking Negro demonstrators were predominantly Catholic and some members of the archbishop's flock carried signs vilifying "Archbishop Cody and his Commie coons." The Chicago Real Estate Board pledged itself to the principle of open housing. In the same breath, it announced that it would continue its legal attack on Illinois Governor Otto Kerner's state executive order banning discrimination in real estate listings.

Caught in these cross fires were the future of Daley's political machine and the future of a million Negroes, a third of the city's population. Almost all of them live in ghettos that range from handsome middle-class dwellings to impoverished horrors where the infant mortality rate is even higher than in black Mississippi and unemployment runs to 25 per cent. Almost solid Negro backing elected Daley to a third term, but now rebellion was stirring.

Clearly, nothing about Chicago was clear—particularly the agreement of August 26. The conferees were not simply a grab-bag collection of dedicated but ineffective men of good will. Across from Dr. King and other substantial Negro leaders were powerful white men like Thomas G. Ayers, head of the Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry, and Ben W. Heineman, chairman of the Chicago and North Western Railway, who served as moderator. And supporting them were bankers, realtors and religious leaders who could exert meaningful influence, if they wanted to. The document they produced had its good points. It ranged beyond open real estate listings to put the Chicago Housing Authority on record against building any more high-rise, vertical ghettos. CHA was also committed to lease the best housing available for welfare cases without regard to race and to homely touches like limiting project housing for families with children to the first two floors. ("No more," said a speaker, "will your children have to pee on the elevator.")

Chicago mortgage and lending associations said it was their continuing policy to lend money without racial restriction for home purchases anywhere in the metropolitan area. This brought some black smiles of incredulity. The U.S. Community Relations Service boldly vowed to inquire into support by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation of institutions that practice discrimination. Unfortunately, CRS has no muscle. Last month, it stood by helplessly in Grenada, Miss., when two white men who had tried to machine gun its representative there got off scot-free.

The Chicago Human Relations Commission, which has a do-nothing reputation among Negro house hunters, promised to beef up its staff and begin initiating complaints against realtors guilty of discrimination. Negroes like Marion Montgomery who this year went to thirty-three white brokers and fruitlessly protested to the commission when he was turned away wondered why any promise was needed to enforce an existing law.

But the behavior of the Chicago Real Estate Board aroused gravest suspicions among critics of the agreement. Its promise to ". . . withdraw all opposition to the philosophy of open-occupancy legislation at the state level" carried the proviso that it be "applicable to owners as well as to brokers. . . ." Everyone agreed that a state law with teeth was vital, but the board was saying that the state legislature —which had failed consistently to pass any kind of occupancy bill—would have to do better than the federal Congress to merit its cooperation. The pending Washington bill excluded home owners and with them 60 per cent of available housing. "The Real Estate Board is a prisoner of prejudice," said veteran Chicago newsman Len O'Connor, now at WMAQ-TV. "Its major source of supply and demand is prejudiced. So this compromise is spurious."

The good intentions of white men in a generally permissive agreement were critical. Chester Robinson who runs the West Side Organization was unconvinced and angry. Three hundred thousand persons are jammed into 800 square blocks in his area just east of Cicero. The majority are Southern migrants making their first—and sometimes last—stop in the North. The West Siders, their lives circumscribed by ghetto boundaries, their hours idled away in chronic joblessness, the very air they breathe stale with historic black failure, rioted in mid-July. It had cost the Illinois National Guard $100,000 a day to put the violence down; it had cost the ghetto heavy property damage and two dead. Now Robinson said:

> This agreement is a lot of words that give us nothing specific we can understand. We want it to say: apartments should be painted once a year. Community people should have jobs in their community. There's a Poverty Program training people to be punch-press operators and the presses are all getting automated. The situation is just pathetic. We're sick and tired of middle-class people telling us what we want. And we're gonna march in Cicero on Sunday. We have the right.

Robinson was backed by two Black Power organizations —SNCC and CORE—both small, relatively ineffective and alienated from the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations (CCCO), the omnibus civil rights group working with Dr. King.

Despite such dissatisfactions, the King and CCCO forces called a "Victory Rally" in a Baptist Church on the West Side. Just two short blocks away on Roosevelt Avenue, dozens of store fronts were blanked with boarding, the glass from windows smashed in the riots still glittering on the sidewalks. From a crowded bar of the defeated, a juke box blasted a new hymn to despair—"Let's Go Get Stoned." It did not refer to parading in white neighborhoods.

In the church, people were singing, "This Little Light of Mine, I'm Gonna Let it Shine." A white minister began his invocation: "Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is injury, let me sow pardon. Where there is sadness. . . ." To a writer who had covered much of the early

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern movement, the atmosphere was heavy with those simpler days when the thrust of spirit had seemed enough and the complexities thrown up by unyielding white power had not betrayed black trust and divided the movement. But now it was a different and complex day, and most Negroes were interested in reaping an overdue harvest.

Speakers gave pep talks on the agreement. They stressed that rent strikes already under way and involving 1,000 Negroes would expand. They said that nothing in the agreement could curtail protests against inferior schooling or stop boycotts already successful in opening jobs for Negroes. But there was the impression of something forced, like a cheer leader managing only a half leap off the ground.

Then Dr. King appeared; he looked imperturbable. His basic role is that of a prophetic leader, but here he was also a practical politician struggling for the survival of himself and his philosophy.

"Some people tried to frighten me," he said. "They said nonviolence couldn't work in the North. They said you can't fight city hall; you better go back down South. But if you look at what happened here it tells you, nonviolence can work. . . . But if these agreements aren't carried out, Chicago hasn't *seen* a demonstration."

Dr. King and allies like Bayard Rustin are presently intent on crushing the Black Power concept without emasculating black militantism or alienating Negroes for whom Black Power has deep appeal. It's a tricky line. King said:

> The white man who threw a brick at my head the other day had to face the fact there was a white man marching right beside me. I'm not going to subscribe to the theory that every white man is a devil. We've got some black devils too.

But in the next breath he said that if there were those who felt they had to march to Cicero, they went "with my prayers and high hopes." And toward the close, he offered some hardheaded appraisals of the future which were free of his customary and sometimes extortionate emotionalism:

"Let's face the fact: Most of us are going to be living in the ghetto five, ten years from now. But we've got to get some things straightened out right away. I'm not going to wait a month to get the rats and roaches out of my house." The audience cheered the defiant tone, but he con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eluded soberly: "Morally, we ought to have what we say in the slogan, Freedom Now. But it all doesn't come now. That's a sad fact of life you have to live with."

This admission that there are limits to moral power in a material society is a key to understanding what happened when Dr. King went to Chicago after deciding to broaden his Southern base more than a year ago. Awaiting him was Mayor Daley, the very model of big-city bossism. Daley had never encountered anything like Dr. King.

"The city hall attitude," said one long-time Chicago observer, "was that he was just a little nuisance. They couldn't comprehend that he couldn't be bought off. . . ."

By the same token, Dr. King had never run into anything like Chicago and Daley. The city itself is a nest of paradoxes—dynamic, static, ugly, beautiful, outgoing and inbred. The Daley administration had efficiently, even boldly, helped engineer a transportation, building and utilities renascence. But the underpinnings remained squalid. Virtually everyone you talk to acknowledges that Chicago remains the crookedest city in the country. The stench rising from hoodlumism permeates vast areas of politics, labor and industry, and fosters a cynicism about anything (a civil rights movement, for example) that does not depend on pull, pay-offs or raw muscle to achieve its ends.

Where else in America would someone try to blow up a sewer chief? It happened during the climactic week of the civil rights negotiations, and the story illustrates the political atmosphere that Dr. King had wandered into.

Vinton Bacon, superintendent of the Metro Sanitary District, stopped in a gas station on August 22 and an attendant found under the hood four sticks of dynamite that had failed to explode. Bacon's department is the largest of its kind in the world and and harbors, as former Chicago *American* reporter Ted Smart puts it, "de Mille-like fraud." Relatives of mobsters appear on its payrolls and depredations running into the millions turn up in contracts. Fraud flourishes whether its board of trustees is Democratic or Republican. It was Democratic when the *American* and the *Tribune* broke a series of scandal stories. Mayor Daley promptly appointed Bacon, an honest man, to restore public confidence, and Bacon was investigating rigged civil service exams when someone tried to rub him out.

Daley's responsiveness to public outrage over the sewers is typical of his "enlightened" bossism. It is in the erratic style of a man guided not by principles but by expediency, the threatened loss of votes and power. Daley had kept his eye trained on renewal of the Lake Michigan shore front, overlooking backwaters of despair in the ghettos. While need grew, particularly among underemployed Negroes, his Welfare Department was the only major one in the country to reduce its rolls. Critics charged that the ignorant poor were bamboozled.

For the fact is that Daley, through his Negro lieutenant, Rep. William Dawson, had 90 per cent of the Negro vote in his pocket, ghetto wards accounting for his entire 1963 plurality. Why respond to a few black critics when you owned the majority of blacks? Dawson was mum during the summer, but his Negro Republican opponent this fall, David Reed, who is outspoken on civil rights, has no chance. The GOP is torn between its traditional conservatism and the new look of a leader like U.S. Senate candidate Charles Percy, who defends the Negro right to demonstrate and condemns the white mobs. As for the Democrats, about the time that Dr. King first arrived in the city some rebellion became manifest, and loose bolts began rattling around in the Daley machine during last spring's Democratic state Senate primary. Two Negroes—running as independent Democrats—beat machine-backed candidates (one white, one black).

Dr. King was confronted with these complicated facts of political life when he reached Chicago—a metropolis that has usually shrugged off demands for white or black reform, an unresponsive Democratic machine, and Republicans of dubious value as allies. His past record for rousing the nation to demand federal legislation against racial injustice was magnificent, but he has always been able to motivate better than he could consolidate. City after city that had given him stirring national victories—Birmingham, St. Augustine and to a lesser extent Selma—were substantially unchanged in basic areas like jobs and housing after he left them. The truth was, he had small talent for organizing outside or inside his own group. Now, with growing white national reaction pressing him from one side and Black Power from the other, he could not afford a failure.

Chicago had the framework for his talents—the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations. It embraced forty-odd groups, including NAACP, the Cook County Bar Association, American Jewish Congress, Catholic Interracial Council, and one of the best Urban League branches in the country. CCCO director was Al Raby, a young Chicago schoolteacher, who had been trying hard to chip concessions off the Daley monolith.

"We don't want to wreck the machine," he said. "We want it to be responsive. I think those two independent victories for state Senate might help shake up things. The aldermanic (city council) elections are next February and the fact they won opened up a wound and guys are smelling blood. They won't be so easy to control. The problem is, we're not organized politically and we don't have tangible rewards to offer. Most aldermen get a rake-off for favors but I can't offer anything to replace that."

Dr. King and Raby were natural partners in the creation of a new kind of Chicago power, but they spent many months vainly looking for a catalyst to set the retort bubbling. In April, Daley had responded to King's amorphous demands for racial justice by making an absurd and callous promise to end slums by 1967. Dr. King and Raby kept plodding, building strength through churches and beginning Operation Breadbasket, a program to force the hiring of Negroes through persuasion or boycott that produced about 400 jobs worth more than $2 million.

Daley used federal poverty funds to kill ghetto rats and roaches, boasting the best extermination program in the country. On July 10, Dr. King—emulating his namesake—affixed a 12-page list of explicit demands to the door of City Hall. It skillfully covered housing, education, jobs and welfare. The Mayor ignored it, but he could not ignore the West Side riots which came a few days later, only a month after ghettoized Puerto Ricans had hit the streets. Dr. King, pleading for concessions to end violence, appeared outmaneuvered again as Daley attempted to buy peace for the price of one portable swimming pool and ten hydrant sprinklers. West Side kids had been complaining

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over lack of recreation facilities and Daley probably thought that improvised water sports would cool it. He is said to be shrewd, but his shrewdness is narrowed to the breadth of his prior political experience. The Negro mood went deeper than he could probe. And King, in the meantime had found his catalyst.

It was housing. Except for the area around Chicago University, only the Oak Park community was integrated —with nine Negro families out of 64,000 persons. So immediately after the riots, the King-Raby team began marches into the white middle-class communities that boxed Negroes into their decaying enclaves. Gage Park, Bogan, Belmont-Cragin, South Deering, Marquette Park, all greeted the marchers with stones, firecrackers and insults. The flotsam of professional haters—Klansmen and the American Nazi Party—drifted in. But most of the abuse came from plain

folks in their boxy frame and brick houses with mini-lawns and a good car out front.

"Wallace for God!" cried a man in Bogan.

"Hate, hate, hate!" chanted a group of teen-agers.

These people, depending on the section, were first- and second-generation Polish, Irish, Italians and East Europeans. They had fled their old South and West Side neighborhoods when Negroes started moving in years ago. They felt that the blacks had chased them once and vowed they would not retreat again. The ghost of Studs Lonigan with his family moving off Prairie Avenue was among them. Poor, frustrated Studs. Had he lived, he would have been watching, bleary-eyed and pot-bellied, while his sons, perhaps a grandson, threw rocks at the marchers.

The main argument of these white Chicagoans was remarkably similar to what people of the same class had said in Brooklyn or Los Angeles. We made it where we are on our own hook and now the Negroes want everything handed to them. Chicagoans were only acting out what many of their white countrymen felt. Their public (or parochial) education had not prepared them to deal with anything so complex as race. Cheated of history, strangers to logic, they honestly could not see that Negro denial had been different from theirs, infinitely more rigid, and so each march was a coercive attempt of black to force its inadequacies on white. Was there something in the process of bourgeois success, in the grubbing fight for security, that brutalized the human response? We made it on our own hook. . . . Even if this self-glorifying appraisal were wholly true, what they had become in the process argued that it might be wise to consider some alternate way to the good middle-class life.

During those crazed July and August days, the bone of Northern racial attitudes was laid bare and it was understandable that the South relished the spectacle—all the bitter things it had said about Northern hypocrisy when it was under attack in the fifties and early sixties was now publicly confirmed. Except in St. Augustine, there had been no public violence in the South to equal Chicago's. Otherwise, the Northern accent marvelously mirrored the Southern clichés. *The New York Times* quoted a lady hardware clerk:

> No one was prejudiced against the Northern niggers. It's the Southern ones. The Northern niggers were satisfied until that Luther King brought in his troublemakers from the South.

After a slow start, Chicago police did a professional job, wading into rock throwers with clubs flailing. White signs appeared saying: Don't Vote for the Democrats. An alarmed Daley ordered precinct leaders to head off the violent white reactions that made the cops swing the clubs that jeopardized the votes. Belatedly, he sought to come to grips with the new variety of power.

An aide to Dr. King has a letter that a City Hall intermediary allegedly brought in early in August. The concessions it offers in exchange for ending the demonstrations have the ring of the ward heeler's art. Three hundred quick jobs would be created by hiring housing-project guards from among the tenants. A few hundred new ghetto units would be built. There was even an inadvertent pun: "A Negro journeyman glazier should be hired by the Housing Authority. (This will be the first break in the glazier's union.)" The letter even included pre-packaged quotes that Dr. King was supposed to sign. One began, "Today, Mayor Daley has again demonstrated his leadership. . . ."

Only the threat of the Cicero march eventually brought realistic bargaining and the final agreement. Moderator Heineman conceded that some Negroes would feel the words were fine but only more white words. "My own view is," he said, "that we have been too far committed by the leadership of the entire community not to have moved. . . ."

Al Raby added a cautious second: "You ask at a point of strength for what you can get. I honestly feel there is some concern that didn't exist before. But I'm still ready to go back to the streets and it may well be necessary."

Chester Robinson was dissuaded by Dr. King from marching his West Siders into Cicero on the promise that a standing committee created by the agreement would take up his specific recommendations. But Robert Lucas, CORE chairman, seized the moment. He denounced the agreement as just another in the line of promises "Negroes have received since Emancipation."

On Sunday, September 4, he led 200 marchers into the lion's den. Two thousand National Guardsmen were mobilized. Roving white mob reaction was brisk, but Cicero and state police kept things under control until almost the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end, when a black-white clash seemed imminent. Then the Guardsmen responded with a bayonet advance that nicked a few rioters and dissuaded the rest. For the first time, Negroes had marched into Cicero and marched out again.

But the end of the Labor Day weekend found Chicago ridden with anxieties. The power represented by Dr. King's "coalition of conscience" had demonstrated that it could move machine power in a test of strength. But the problems of Dr. King and Daley, unlikely as this might seem, had become curiously intermingled.

The civil rights leader had neither inclination nor ability to get rid of the boss. Dr. King needed continuing victories to maintain his position and Daley's help was needed to get them. King had disengaged short of Cicero for reasons he believed valid, but Negroes were aware that Lucas and Black Power had risked the fearful step. Should the agreement prove a deception, Black Power would be the gainer.

For Daley's part, white resentment over the city's role has hurt him politically; the November elections and the aldermanic contests in February will indicate how much. His machine is tough and resilient, but one constant it requires is black support. So Daley must keep responding—unless he still misreads the basic Negro mood and believes he can coast for a time.

The danger is that even with cooperation by all concerned, Chicago still cannot achieve significant, meaningful change in the lives of lower-class Negroes. Operation Breadbasket, laudable though it is, is also Operation Drop-in-the-Bucket. The monumental job of repairing the neglect of half a century in employment, housing and education is beyond the resources of Chicago or of any other major Northern city. It is tiresome to reiterate that the federal government must do it, and frightening to think it may not. Opposition is growing to the kind of commitment needed. Ten billion, 15 billion a year, who knows? The Neanderthal *Chicago Tribune*, even as settlement was reached, editorialized against aid for cities under the headline: Beggars in Search of Billions.

THE GOOF-BALL SET

ADDICTION IN THE SUBURBS

MARTIN SCHRAM

Mr. Schram is a reporter for Newsday. *His series on addiction, written with Robert Greene, won the James Wright Brown Memorial Award (1965-66), presented by the New York chapter of Sigma Delta Chi for the outstanding public service by a newspaper in the Metropolitan New York area.*

The problem of addiction has crept out of the city slums and into the split-level world of suburbia. Well-fed youths from respectable homes are now trying drugs for kicks in alarming, ever increasing numbers. In a sense, the suburbs have lent gentility to addiction. Now it is more than just a malady of the deprived and moneyless; it has become a middle- and upper-middle-class affliction, as well. Suburban youth—the high schooler, the collegian, the dropout, the pushout—these have all grown up on the fringes of big-city junkie empires, yet the syringe and bent spoon equipment of the heroin addict is unfamiliar to most. Instead, these kids get their kicks from drugstore drugs: modern formulas designed to stop coughs, ease tensions or trim unsightly fat.

Today's suburban addiction usually begins with a cheap, dime-store high—on habit-forming, non-prescription codeine cough medicine. Two ounces of these powerful syrups have the belt of a half-fifth of whiskey. Next come the pills. In the pharmaceutical trade, these are useful compounds called barbiturates (sedatives), amphetamines (stimulants and diet pills) and tranquilizers. But on street corners and in parked cars and drive-ins and behind shopping centers, they're known variously as goof balls, red birds, yellow jackets, blue heavens, bennies, pep pills, co-pilots, hearts and footballs.

Lately the incidence of teen-age drug abuse has been rising in suburban communities coast to coast. But nowhere, perhaps, is the problem more evident than on Long Island, a thin spit of land whose 2-million-plus population makes it America's largest suburb. Last November, Robert Greene and I began investigating for *Newsday* the scope of the drug problem there, following the unrelated overdose deaths of three youths within a month.

Five addicted Long Island youths took mortal doses of drugs in 1965, and another died a few days after the New Year. Many more, found slumped unconscious in parked cars and on residential streets, were revived by police, rescue squads or hospital emergency-room teams. One of the certified overdose deaths, incidentally, was attributed merely to too much codeine-based cough medicine. Some authorities now call such addiction the deadliest of habits, even worse than heroin. Sudden withdrawal can cause the barbiturate addict, for example, to go into convulsions, delirium, and eventually, death. Quick heroin withdrawal results in the unpleasant runny nose, fever and shakes; but eventually they will pass, leaving the addict sick, weak, but nevertheless alive.

During the course of the newspaper research, Greene and I interviewed pushers, addicts, law enforcers and law breakers; young people who are hooked and others who are clean. Posing as an addict, I attached myself to a group of pill pushers in their late teens and early 20s; I was accepted as an in-man only after several toughs had slammed me against a wall and frisked me to make sure I was not a cop. Later, Greene was beaten and stomped by this same pack when he attempted to buy some of their illegal pills.

These were the hard-core tough guys of the suburban pills-for-kicks movement. They peddled pills at the standard black market price of 50c apiece. For every one of them, however, suburban Long Island has many more who are just average, middle-class kids: would-be mystics seek-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing some euphoric truth; would-be wild ones who must get their courage from capsules; and the just plain bored.

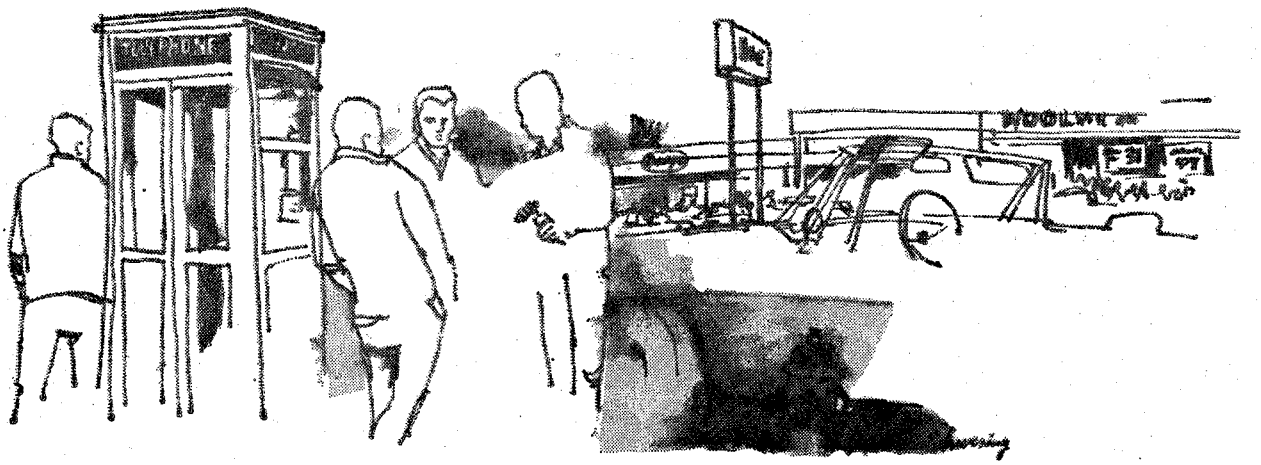
Often, the toughs supply the clean-cut types. In one Long Island neighborhood, the pill merchants had an organization that was complete right down to a mimeographed chart of the pack hierarchy—for pill distribution purposes. It listed about thirty names and was in pyramid form, with the number-one kid securing the pills and doling them out to his two lieutenants, who would then pass them on to their own subordinates, and so on down the line.

U.S. Food and Drug Administration officials estimate that about half the barbiturates and amphetamines produced in America are siphoned off into the underworld. Long Island authorities estimate that 80 per cent of the pills used by suburban youth are supplied from illegal sources in the city—in Harlem, the Bronx and Brooklyn. The remaining 20 per cent come from the addicts' own schemes. Drugstore burglaries have increased markedly in recent years, and in most of these the cash register was untouched, while the rear prescription drug shelves were rifled. Thefts from doctors' offices are also rising—often

you get high. So you keep it up. Pretty soon, you don't get the same feeling, so you try mixing it with pills. Then more pills—as much as it's safe to take without killing yourself. But eventually even that doesn't give you the same high. So you take the hard stuff—heroin. You just can't seem to stop."

The teen-aged addicts are not a particular group. They take their highs wherever they can—wherever adults aren't. Parked cars; drive-in movies; behind shopping centers; but best of all, in someone's home when the parents are away. "The parties in the houses were the best," recalled a Northport, L. I., youth who escaped being nabbed in a recent dope crackdown there. "You had more room, more privacy. You could let your hair down and stay a couple of days. Usually, we'd start off listening to folk music and then we'd turn on. Later, we'd get to talking about personal philosophies and hang-ups."

For the brave, tough or foolhardy, there was still another place to turn on. One teen-aged addict said: "It's being taken in [school] bathrooms and in the backs of classrooms when teachers turn their backs. And sometimes, right in front of their eyes. . . . Girls are even bringing pills in for



only the prescription pads are taken. The thief forges the doctor's name and cashes his slip at the local drugstore.

Police, commenting "for the record," have long insisted that Long Island has no major drug problem. But in Nassau County alone, the narcotics squad that started with two men in 1962 now employs as many as forty, who divide their time between undercover work and public lecturing on the dangers of drugs. One experienced Long Island police official has said privately that he estimates one out of every ten suburban teen-agers is an occasional or frequent user of marijuana, capsule drugs or codeine cough mixtures. A probation case worker assigned specifically to narcotics problems believes that 40 per cent of the youth between 15 and 25 has experimented at least once with marijuana or drugs.

Long Island's drug abusers are for the most part white, not Negro; from good backgrounds, not the cliché "broken homes." Most switch indiscriminately from the calming, drunklike high of the barbiturate to the amphetamines, which produce a false sense of elation, power and unending stamina. One 17-year-old Long Island addict described the addiction cycle like this: "You start with cough syrup and

their boy friends right in their brassieres—who's gonna search a girl's bra?" And New York State Sen. Bernard Smith, who until last year was Suffolk County's district attorney, said his investigations led him to believe there is as much drug abuse in school as out.

Yet officials from most of Long Island's more than 100 school districts told reporters they had no knowledge of drugs being taken in their schools. Finally, however, one school superintendent agreed to talk on the condition that his identity be withheld:

> I'm sick and tired of people in government and school administration saying there is no drug problem. We have a problem and the schools are not doing their jobs. . . . School districts find it easier to look the other way because it's a tough problem to face. They think that if they admit they have a drug problem, the good teachers won't come to their district.

Of his 5,000 junior and senior high students, he said, his administration knows of about 100 who are using drugs —"and you can double that, maybe triple it, to find the number who aren't known."

College officials on Long Island were also reluctant to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discuss pills. "We have our reputations to think about," said one college dean. However, Randall Hoffmann, dean of students at Hofstra University, talked frankly about the problem at his institution. "I'm sure some experimentation takes place among our students with marijuana, LSD, pep pills and that sort of thing," he said. "We have about 5,000 full-time day students, and I'd guess that 6 or 7 per cent of them (300-350) experiment. I doubt we have any addicts per se. But it's very easy here to get marijuana and pills on the black market. It's a word-of-mouth sort of thing. One friend tells another." Hofstra is by no means Long Island's most infected campus, police say, and the Hofstra situation is typical of many American universities. Moreover, Dean Hoffmann is to be commended for not sweeping the problem under the ivy. (He has since left Hofstra to become assistant to the provost at Long Island's C. W. Post College.)

With all the talk about the frequency of drug abuse among suburban youth, the question naturally arises: Pills for kicks—why? Why should suburban children from allegedly happy homes turn to a senseless menace like drugs? The answer, most psychologists agree, lies in their very contentment. "Most of today's suburban youths have never wanted for anything," said one expert. "These are fairly well-to-do kids. They've already had everything and experienced everything—liquor, cars, sex—by the time they are teens. This is what's left: drugs for kicks."

The dreamy, detached sensation given by today's drugs has also been interpreted as merely an extension of the entire contemporary teen-age pattern of values. It is ecstasy by yourself, just like dance by yourself and (at a Beatle concert) shriek by yourself. Everyone's doing it, but each is doing his own, individual thing.

School officials, moreover, notice a strange phenomenon about drug abuse. Unlike other forms of juvenile delinquency, pill popping seems to have the tacit approval of even the well-behaved student leaders. Those who have come out in open criticism of contemporaries who steal hub caps or vandalize property have remained quiet about drugs and marijuana.

Many of the users get almost as big a charge out of outsmarting cops as they do out of pills. It was this way with Little Marco, 21-year-old leader of a Plainview, L. I., pills-for-kicks gang that used a luncheonette in the Great Midway shopping center as its meeting place. After several days of hanging around, looking like a user in need of drugs, I had been tipped that Marco was the man to see. And Marco didn't like that one bit.

"I wanna know who fingered me for you," he said, watching as two members of his pack gave me the rough frisk treatment. "I don't like my guys fingering me as a pusher to everyone they meet. You could be Uncle" [slang for undercover agent, taken from TV's *Man From U.N.C.L.E.*].

Eventually, Marco and his boys believed I was what my credentials said—an overage, out-of-state college student. I was in, and Marco even apologized: "You gotta understand why we're jumpy. Man, I run things in this town and these guys know it. Dozens of guys know it. If you play ball, I can get you at least 400 pills at a nickel apiece. You buy 400 and give us half." (He later said he meant 50c each, not a nickel.)

It seems I'd caught the gang a little short of pills that night, so they agreed instead to take me around to the "soft-touch" drugstores, where one after another we could buy codeine cough medicine, presumably without the owners' getting suspicious. State law required that every person buying cough medicine sign his name and address in a register book. These stores, the gang said, never checked identification. "Give them any name," they said. They were right. And we all bought our first bottles of 4-ounce Robitussin A-C codeine cough mixture.

"If you're really People, buddy, and you ain't no Uncle,

you swig first," said Marco. And gesturing with his finger he added: "Down to here." Well, being People is good, being Uncle is bad, and when you're outnumbered four to one, being chicken is downright unhealthy. So I swigged big. Marco, with a flair for the extravagant, emptied his bottle and crashed it to the ground outside the car window. "No fingerprints," he said. And we all thought that was pretty smart.

Later, when Marco offered me a barbiturate capsule, I put it under my tongue, pretended to swallow, and later spat it out. Meanwhile, my pill-popping companions that night burst into a medley of hit rock 'n' roll songs. And Marco continued to brag: "We've got guys in seven precincts who let us know what to expect from the other cops. They'll get us for fighting, but not for pushing." Within several weeks after the *Newsday* series ran, however, Marco and seven of his followers had been arrested separately for having as many as 800 barbiturates on their persons at one time. We had identified Marco only as Joe, but one detective said, "There wasn't a guy in the station house who didn't know who Joe really was."

There is also hard stuff in the suburbs. The heroin business in suburbia is better than ever, according to one of the Island's top pushers. We located a suburban junkie and, on the promise that he would remain anonymous, persuaded him to talk. Suffolk police have never been able to obtain evidence against him, yet they too describe him as one of the major pushers on Long Island. Said the pusher:

> I've been operating in different parts of . . . town over the past couple of years. But business has gotten so big that I rented a room for an office so that people wouldn't bother me at home. I got about 100 customers, sometimes more, sometimes less. There are about nine other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pushers in town that big. Between us we got 300-350 customers. They bounce back and forth.

My customers are all kinds, man. I got women in furs, square guys with neckties and all that, bums, kids, all kinds. They're all hooked. . . . I never hooked anyone in my life and I don't have to. The customers are already there, more than you can handle. Set up in business, make one sale, and the junkie grapevine is really working. Next thing you know, they're knocking you down in a rush.

The pusher said some weeks he makes as much as $700, tax free of course. Asked if he deals in cough medicine or pills, he said crisply: "I don't touch it. That's for kids. All over the place the kids are talking about it. I'll get a few of them later."

As in most vices, addiction can in part be measured in terms of dollars and cents. All told, Long Island taxpayers spend more than $1 million a year to fight addiction with police, probationers, medical care and counseling. At the same time, a veteran Long Island narcotics detective says: "One-third of all our crime stems from narcotics and drugs. This is not sex crime, it's mainly petty stuff. Most of it is boosting [shoplifting] because it's usually the easiest to pull off."

The average Long Island addict needs between $15 and $25 a day to feed his habit, the detective said. Thus even the working addict often must steal on the side. For the kids, pills are not usually that expensive, but then most have little or no income. So many of them steal. "We've had cases where addicts have actually been taking orders from their own neighbors for toasters, records, cigarettes and even TV sets," the detective said. "Then the addicts would go out and boost the items and sell them to their neighbors at the lowest prices you ever heard of."

Society also bears the indirect costs of drug abuse. Nassau Medical Examiner Dr. Leslie Lukash explained it this way: "When these kids are on drugs they lose their reflexes and have no sense of danger. They become reckless. Many get behind the wheel of a car and get into accidents, maiming innocent people. We'll never know how many such accidents were caused by kids high on drugs, because most policemen can't tell a drug high from accident shock."

State and national legislators have been struggling to keep abreast of the quiet spread of addiction. New federal and New York State laws that went into effect this year require all manufacturers, retailers and middlemen to keep a record of every pill that crosses their counters. Another state measure requires prescriptions for all persons under 21 who buy codeine cough medicines. And the legislature recently passed Governor Rockefeller's bill calling for compulsory treatment of all narcotic addicts.

And while all the costs of addiction are tabulated, there is one other that knows no dollar value. Emotional suffering, anguish, helplessness. One young Long Island housewife recently recalled how her brother climbed the ladder from cough syrup to pills to heroin: "I tried to stop him and get him help, but he wouldn't help himself and no one would help him. Then he married a girl; she was hooked too. Now they spend a wretched life. She walks the streets of Greenwich Village, prostituting to get them both money for heroin.

"It tears you up, but what can you do?"

REPORT ON FOOD

Prescription for a Sick Industry

JENNIFER CROSS
Miss Cross is a British free-lance journalist now living in Berkeley, Calif.

On June 27, the report of the National Commission on Food Marketing went to Congress, after two years of diligent study on every major facet of the food industry. It had been rather like the rigorous medical examination of a patient who believed he was healthy, but whose doctor thought he detected dangerous symptoms. Is America's largest industry as well as it claims to be, or is it malfunctioning, and if so, where, and what can be done about it? Predictably, the 113-page diagnosis (plus ten separate studies) has a lot to say for both sides. The patient is in pretty good shape, but there are no grounds for complacency: enough is wrong to warrant a good deal of concern, some government action and a lot more investigation.

The maladies, says the report, are nobody's fault, and are certainly not caused by attempts of manufacturers and retailers to bilk either the farmers or the public. Rather, they stem from new facts of economic life of the last twenty years: the swing from a production to a marketing orientation, the startling technological changes in agriculture and food processing, the population growth and the emergence of a new, wealthy consumer who uses food not merely as something to eat but as an outlet for affluence.

The first result has been to threaten the traditional balance of competition within the industry. The commission reported an increased concentration in retailing and manufacturing, shown in and aggravated by the extinction of 133,000 small-to-medium-sized stores during the period 1948-63, and by the rising number of horizontal and vertical mergers. Large firms have been gobbling up small or medium ones; retailers have been moving into food processing, processors into food production, and all at an accelerated rate since 1954. Today, concentration is most extreme among retail and wholesale food buyers, and manufacturers of baby food, soap, coffee, cake mixes, shortening, crackers and cookies, where 50 per cent or more of the market is held by the four largest firms. Some of the biggest companies, especially among retailers, have grown beyond the size needed for maximum efficiency. Medium-sized firms are just as competent to process and distribute, and the only edge held by the giants is in advertising, pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motion and sales, where their superior resources affect competition, placing the smaller retailer or manufacturer in an increasingly poor bargaining position.

While the industry is regarded as generally efficient, there is considerable room for improvement, notably in retailing. Gross margins—the spread between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays—have gone up from 15 to 17 per cent of sales in 1954 to 19 to 22 per cent ten years later. This is partly due to inflation but also to higher operating costs. The main items in this overhead are advertising and promotion, including trading stamps, labor, the cost of owning or renting store facilities, plus services (check cashing, parking space, etc.). And, unlike similar costs in many other industries, they are not being offset by a comparable boom in productivity.

Drawing the line between legitimate effort and extravagance is not easy, but the commission has left little doubt that it would place a good deal of advertising and promotion in the latter category. To put it bluntly, the high cost of selling is being passed on to the consumer, with no equivalent enhanced value in return. Food manufacturers' advertising, now running at $2.2 billion, wastes too much money simply urging housewives to buy brand A instead of brand B. New products, notoriously difficult to launch, often cost 57 per cent of their first year's sales in advertising, without guarantee of a long or successful life. While the manufacturers absorb the cost, they can do so only at the ultimate expense of other products, so one way or the other the public pays. The public also pays for the privilege of saving trading stamps, almost unknown in 1955, but now distributed by 47 per cent of all food stores. This gimmick adds an annual $680 million to the national food bill.

Apart from these little extras, which he may or may not be delighted to pay for, the consumer gets a good deal for his money. A note of cautious praise runs through the whole diagnosis, though the report soft-pedals the industry's boasts about being the envy of the world, and squashes the idea that the declining percentage of the family budget being spent on food is necessarily a sign of industry efficiency. The only other major consumer gripe is packaging—the report endorses the evidence of Sen. Philip A. Hart's Truth in Packaging hearings that the consumer is frequently confused, sometimes misled, and generally hindered from getting the best value for his money. (See Jennifer Cross: "Truth in Packaging, The Supermarket Caper," *The Nation,* February 21.) Also, the low-income shopper does not fare well. A special price survey done by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in six major cities proves that in certain circumstances the poor do pay more. Owing to the scarcity of supermarkets, they patronize "mom and pop" stores, where prices average 2.8 per cent higher, and, lacking cash, buy smaller, more expensive quantities.

The farmer, however, is unequivocally in a worse position than formerly. With retailers pooling their buying, and with their entry into food processing, plus the expansion of some food manufacturers into cattle feeding and egg production, the grower's bargaining power is substantially weakened. Terminal markets are declining, buyers are becoming fewer in number and powerful enough to get away with sloppy, informal and sometimes unfair bargaining. This, combined with lack of reliable and up-to-date information about price futures and market conditions, is eroding the whole idea of price as the basis for negotiation, besides leaving farmers at the mercy of the spasmodic overproduction fostered by today's agricultural technology.

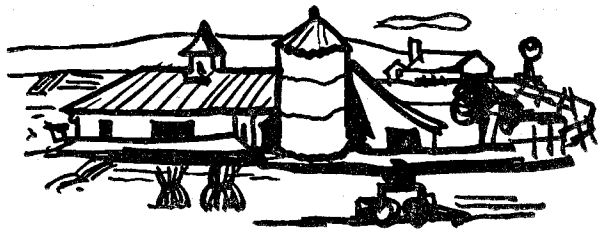
The remedy for these various ailments is some fairly harsh medicine, at least for the manufacturers, retailers and advertisers, who traditionally detest any extension of federal authority ("interference") unless it is for their benefit. The report makes it clear that traditional legislation and the limited powers of regulatory agencies are inadequate to meet the new situation. Therefore, the growing degree of concentration, particularly mergers not in the public interest, should be met by legislation requiring compulsory pre-merger notification; temporary cease and desist powers for the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice to enable them to halt mergers pending legal investigation; and firmer guidelines for the more effective enforcement of the antitrust laws.

For consumers, the report suggests a special agency in the Executive branch of the government to take over the protective functions now exercised by existing federal agencies, represent the consumer at law, and attempt the vital but herculean task of teaching him to be a more intelligent buyer. The FTC and the Food & Drug Administration should make a more determined effort to prevent deceptive labeling and packaging, aided by legislation if necessary. Finally, consumer grades and standards of identity should be established for, and appear on, all foods where feasible.

Government help is recommended to improve farmers' bargaining power by creating agricultural marketing boards, strengthening farmers' cooperatives, and authorizing federal marketing agreements and orders. Better current and future price reporting should be carried out by the Department of Agriculture, with the authority to extract the necessary information from buyers and growers, along with timely market reports of selected perishable farm products. The department should also develop a model code for the licensing and operation of local livestock markets, and study the effects of transportation costs and of trade barriers affecting agriculture.

The main weakness of the conclusions is that the fifteen commission members fell out among themselves, so that the report presents the views of the majority of nine, followed by separate statements of the six dissenters. The split occurred not along party lines but roughly between liberals and conservatives, with the liberals (chairman Phil S. Gibson, former California Chief Justice; Fred J. Marshall, farmer and former Congressman from Minnesota; Elmer R. Kiehl, dean of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture; Senators Warren G. Magnuson, Gale W. McGee and Philip A. Hart; Congressmen Leonor K. Sullivan, Glenn C. Cunningham and Benjamin S. Rosenthal) in the lead. Still more unfortunately, the dissenting minority (William M. Batten, chairman of the J. C. Penney Co.; Albert K. Mitchell, New Mexico rancher; Senators Thruston B. Morton and Roman L. Hruska; Congressmen Graham Purcell and Catherine May) disagreed with practically all the majority proposals, accusing their colleagues of arriving at their verdict before all the technical evidence was in, and of exceeding Congress' brief by recommending changes in government and legislative policy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Obviously, many of the majority conclusions are open to challenge, especially the recommendations about food-industry concentration and the wisdom of establishing a department of consumers—about which even a handful of the President's Committee on Consumer Interests lately could not agree. However, the accusations of jumping the gun on the evidence have been publicly denied by Dr. George E. Brandow, NCFM executive director, while the commission brief, as set out in public law 88-354, specifically asked for findings *and* conclusions on legislation and public policy. Otherwise, the minority statements contain suspicious echoes of the food-industry line as laid down by retailers, manufacturers and trade associations . . . the industry is fine, let it alone; government intervention stifles initiative and flexibility; consumers are sovereign, rational and efficient, they don't need protection.

Profiting by the doctor's dilemma, the patient has loudly expressed his dislike of any advice which strikes him as misplaced or unpalatable. Ever since the end of March, when the draft report was mysteriously leaked to *Advertising Age,* it was clear that the industry was going to clobber it. While some, particularly food chains, have wisely refused to comment until they have thoroughly digested the evidence, others have expressed their shock, disappointment and disapproval of the main conclusions, taking their stand on the minority tribute to the *status quo.* All these views have subsequently made headlines in the advertising and food trade press, and been given a comprehensive roundup in *Progressive Grocer.* The only dissenting voice has been that of the National Farmers Union, which was relieved and gratified to find many of its views confirmed, especially the need to protect farmers from marketing abuses.

That the report's recommendations will be carried out is, to say the least, uncertain. Industry critics plainly hope and expect the whole thing to fade away and die. "Indications are," said *Supermarket News,* that "it may stay in the 'fuzzy' realm for years without having a direct or significant effect on federal legislation affecting industry." The press consensus was that the President's reception of the report was distinctly chilly, though his remarks could better be interpreted as noncommittal rather than hostile. It should also be noted that the press was given, if not its orders, at least a very strong hint by the president of General Foods, who urged the National Editorial Association two years ago to identify "the fiction that comes out of Washington," and use their "critical editorial judgment" on the report, in the interest of truth, of course, and to prevent the innocent public from getting the gripes.

The chance of legislative action this session is almost nil, since the report is currently being studied by the Bureau of the Budget; as for the future, the fate of the recommendations depends on how the Administration views the wisdom of backing the considerable extension of federal power that will be involved. Undoubtedly a good deal of political capital will be made out of it during the Congressional elections. However, the report will fare better in the long run if its suggestions are carried out piecemeal by the appropriate agencies. Already the FTC and the Department of Justice are taking a more active interest in mergers which might violate the antitrust laws (e.g., in the dairy industry) and the possibility of strengthening Title 7 of the Clayton Act is currently being discussed in Washington. The report will certainly give a boost to pending consumer legislation, particularly Truth in Packaging, which may pass the House this session, and a bill (HR 7179) proposed by NCFM member Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal (D., N.Y.) to create a department of consumers.

Another side effect may well be the incentive to certain sections of the food industry to plug the gaps in their performance, if only to forestall government action. The issues were squarely put in a speech in May to the Magazine Promotion Group by Edward L. Bond, Jr., president of Young & Rubicam. "You and I know that not everything is right in the market place—or in advertising, either. And the problems that exist are creating increasing demands for government attention. The question, however, is whether we are going to sit back and abdicate to the government—or whether we're going to face up to our problems, where they exist, and engage in more self-regulation and self-policing. . . ." Packaging already engages industry attention. Consumer education may be the next—though, as industry people rightly complain, consumers make exceedingly poor use of what is available. Trading stamps, now regarded as a mixed blessing, will probably get yet another critical look. Last year some 800 supermarkets, mostly chains, stopped giving stamps; others, like Safeway, dislike them but bow to consumer demand.

Even the vexed question of how to increase the number of supermarkets in low-income areas may be reconsidered. Mrs. Esther Peterson, special assistant to the President for consumer affairs, has issued a personal appeal to food chains to "immediately re-examine their expansion plans," while Dr. Brandow tossed in the suggestion that they might operate a "no frills" service in poor areas under a different name. The main obstacles, according to Clarence G. Adamy, Na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional Association of Food Chains president, are technical: local tax laws make property improvements in low-income areas financially unattractive, while many chains have encountered enormous problems in clearing title to sufficient land to hold a store large enough to generate the volume necessary for low-margin selling. But, he added, the interest is there.

While the food industry ponders the NCFM prescription —which, with the technical data, will become the standard textbook in marketing, agricultural and university circles for some time to come—consumers would do well to consider some of the points that have been raised. The housewife pays for a lot of incomestibles along with the family food: packaging, processing, advertising, trading stamps, bonus bingo, larger, enticing stores with ancillary services. Most women, if they think about it at all, regard this as money well spent. But the minority who want to buy only the best food at the lowest price, or are on a tight budget —and this includes some middle-class intellectuals, some young marrieds and many of the poor—will be interested to know that alternatives are available. Scattered about the report is material which could be turned into excellent shopping advice; for example, avoid trading stamps, buy store "specials" and retailers' own brands instead of nationally advertised products.

Most of it, alas, will probably fall on deaf ears, since the average woman is a sloppy shopper and appears to like it that way. Consumer education is still in its infancy, at least compared to commercially financed techniques of persuasion like advertising and public relations, but the situation is changing. Spreading out from Washington is an upsurge of interest in teaching the public how to be more discriminating consumers. This type of education is becoming an integral part of the anti-poverty program, and if Esther Peterson has her way it will be extended to the high school. Here, the NCFM report will be of value—a timely contribution to the complex art of consumership which is our best defense against drowning in our affluent society.

LATIN AMERICA IV

Labor Between Bread and Revolution

SIDNEY LENS

As a writer for many publications and newspapers Mr. Lens has visited eighty-one countries. His most recent book is Radicalism in America, *published last May by Thomas Y. Crowell.*

The problem confronting Latin American labor can be defined in one estimate and one fact. The *estimate* is that by the year 2000 the population of this area will be 600 million, two and a half times the present figure. The *fact* is that the grain situation is today drastically worse than it was in the 1930s. Thirty years ago, the twenty nations of Latin America exported more grain than any other area in the world; today they are net importers and their per capita output has declined by 16 per cent.

Therefore, no matter how quiescent the area may appear to be from time to time, explosions are inevitable; artful maneuvers and military suppression can cap the pressure just so long. Thus the decision confronting each Latin American union is how much energy it should apply to bread-and-butter issues and how much to social revolution. If the workers concentrate primarily on winning higher wages and allied benefits, will they eventually whittle the power of the oligarchies and achieve an adequate way of life; or, while continuing to fight for wage gains, must they determine to destroy the oligarchic structure itself?

Favoring the first course are those unions comprising ORIT (Inter-American Regional Labor Organization) which are linked to and guided by the AFL-CIO. Favoring the second course are the Communist unions, and more recently the nationalist, neutralist organizations grouped in CLASC (Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unions). The story of labor in this area is told in the churning conflict of these strategies.

There are 90 million to 95 million urban and rural toilers in the nineteen republics south of the Rio Grande (leaving out Cuba), of whom 15 per cent or 13 million carry union cards. The proportion varies widely from country to country. In Bolivia, where a social revolution took place in 1952, almost the whole working class is organized. In Paraguay, Brazil, Ecuador, Haiti and most of the Central American nations, the ratio is under 5 per cent or 10 per cent, and most of these are only nominal unionists, since they cannot engage in strikes or true collective bargaining. In Peru, 400,000 are organized out of a labor force of 5 million, and in Chile, where labor does have a degree of power, only 10 per cent of a potential 2.5 million are enrolled. Argentina, whose unions were built artificially by Peron, has a considerable movement. So does Mexico, which still benefits from the legacy of Cárdenas in the 1930s.

But size is of secondary significance, for power rests not in picket-line effectiveness or real bargaining but in politics. One can say that unions exist in Haiti, Nicaragua, Brazil, Honduras or Paraguay, but in fact they are impotent under the prevailing dictatorial governments. After the overthrow of Jacobo Arbenz, Guatemalan unions went a decade without a single general wage increase. The unions in Brazil, despite glowing reports by the AFL-CIO, were emasculated by the military *coup d'état* of two years ago, when hundreds of unions were placed under trusteeship by Castelo Branco in order to remove the influence of former President Goulart and the Communists. The same thing happened in Ecuador during the military regime that was recently overthrown.

The Confederation of Mexican Workers (CTM) claims 1.25 million members and functions in a more stable milieu that may be called—stretching things a bit—a "democracy," but it is not really an independent organization. As part of the ruling party (PRI), which has been assured of electoral

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

victory for more than three decades, CTM *controls* labor rather than represents it. Its leaders are in the legislature or in fat government jobs, and though they do win some gains for the workingman, they are far more servile to the government than the union leaders to whom we are accustomed. What there is of an independent force in Mexico functions outside the CTM framework and is small and fragmented.

The situation in Venezuela is somewhat more fluid, but there too the movement relies heavily on the approval of the reigning party. More closely approximating the trade unions we know are the labor organizations of Chile and Uruguay, where there is political democracy, and those of Argentina which Peron shrewdly fostered as a counterforce to his political enemies.

It is thus exceedingly difficult to generalize about Latin American labor—as one might, for instance, about British or German or American labor. What traits they have in common are negative. Almost without exception, they are weak in the rural areas where a majority of the laborers and *campesinos* desperately need organization. They struggle defensively to preserve what they have, rather than take the offensive to improve standards. Brazilian labor, for instance, confronted with inflation of 40 per cent to 80 per cent a year, fights constantly to keep wages abreast of prices.

Collective bargaining is limited. Argentine labor has won nation-wide agreements that deal not only with wages but with grievance machinery and similar facets of traditional unionism. Similar agreements exist in Mexico and to a limited extent in Chile, where national bargaining has been in operation with the copper companies since 1956. But most Latin American legislatures have passed labor codes that restrict collective bargaining. These deal with minimum wages (which all too often become *maximum* wages for the majority), overtime, housing, union security and such items as "seven days' pay for six days' work" which was enacted some years ago in Chile. In Brazil, where the labor law of the old Vargas regime has never been formally dismantled, there is some collective bargaining in the big cities, but many of the wage rates are set by labor courts rather than in free talks between labor and management.

The overriding fact about Latin American unions is that they are shaped more by the fortunes of politics than by their own economic action. Each change of government means a change in the leadership, character and strategy of the labor federations. When dictator Odria left the Presidency of Peru in 1956, union leaders were released from jail and the movement was able to hold its first convention in a decade. Conversely, when General Aramburu took the helm in Argentina he appointed overseers, at first mostly military men, to run the unions. When constitutionalist soldiers took to the barricades in the Dominican Republic on April 24-28, 1965, in an effort to restore democratic government, they were joined by leaders and rank and file, both of the Bosch unions and, above all, of the Left-Catholic CLASC. The U.S.-dominated CONATRAL, on the other hand, stood sullenly on the sidelines and later refused to participate in the general strike protesting military brutality. Each group was seeking a government under which it could function best—or function at all.

The story of Latin American labor must therefore be written in a political perspective. It is not so much what unionists have already accomplished—admittedly, that is all too little—but what they hope to do in the future, and how they hope to do it. In terms of the area as a whole, there are the three distinct tendencies mentioned briefly at the beginning of this survey: the pro-American and violently anti-Communist ORIT, the nationalist, neutralist Christian federation, CLASC, and the Communist groupings, both pro-Moscow and pro-China.

ORIT claims 28 million members, half of whom are

in the AFL-CIO. It is affiliated with the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, but because it is so inextricably bound into the George Meany machine of the AFL-CIO (with Jay Lovestone guiding the international strategy), it is, like its mentors, often at odds with the international body. At a young workers' seminar in Mexico last October, European union leaders burst out in protest when ORIT's general secretary, Arturo Jauregui, introduced a Cuban speaker who had been a government minister under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Batista. In the strategy of ORIT and the AFL-CIO the focal point of union behavior is anti-communism.

There is also some uneasiness, both in Europe and in the Walter Reuther wing of the AFL-CIO, because ORIT collaborates so closely with the U.S. State Department. The American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), established by the AFL-CIO and American business leaders, is financed to the extent of tens of millions of dollars by Washington's AID. Its money is spent on social programs and education to buttress "anti-Communist" unions friendly to ORIT, and personnel sometimes moves back and forth between ORIT and AIFLD. Morris Paladino, for instance, became assistant administrator for AIFLD after serving as assistant secretary for ORIT. In the minds of many labor leaders there is no difference between ORIT, Jay Lovestone and the U.S. labor attachés in the embassies of South America.

This does not mean that all the affiliates of ORIT are in Lovestone's pocket. Many of the metal workers' unions are closer to Walter Reuther than to the Meany-Lovestone entourage. The Venezuelan unions refused to endorse ORIT's resolution on the Dominican Republic. Last May, Mexico's CTM issued a statement decrying aid from AIFLD and seeking to dissociate itself from "foreign" interference.

Despite such scattered signs of independence, however, the thrust of the ORIT-AIFLD-Lovestone combine is toward simple unionism on the one hand, and anti-Communist politics on the other. Again and again, this force calls on its people to be "apolitical," which means in effect to support the U.S. *status quo*. The Alliance for Progress is endorsed with little criticism. Every victory "against communism" is hailed as if it were the millennium, and every "Communist," "neo-Communist," and neutralist success is decried in shrill headlines. "Communists Capture Labor Arm of Juan Bosch's Dominican Party," is the main headline of the February, 1966, *Inter-American Labor Bulletin*, the monthly publication of ORIT. The May issue announces in strident tones that Uruguay's central labor federation, 220,000 strong, has been captured by the Communists, but reminds its readers that there are still fifty "free" unions with 64,000 members.

In the same issue, William C. Doherty, Jr., AIFLD administrator, offers the opinion, in which ORIT evidently concurs, that had the "revolution" (that is, the military coup) of March 31, 1964, not occurred in Brazil, the "free" labor movement there would have been dominated by the Communists. To counteract the Havana tri-continental Congress held earlier this year, ORIT called a special conference in Miami at which all and sundry were urged to "face up to the emergency affecting the American continent, in view of the new threat posed by Castro's totalitarianism."

A "political fever chart" in the February, 1966, issue of ORIT's paper lists "Communist terrorist activity" in Bolivia, Colombia, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Panama, Paraguay, Peru and Venezuela. It also lists countries where there are "labor unrest," "repression of free labor," "threat of military coups," and notes three others that are under "threat of leftist take-over." Reading the *Inter-American Labor Bulletin*, it would be easy to assume that Latin American labor's most urgent task is to repel a Communist seizure of the whole area. There seems to be no menace from any other quarter: oligarchy, military or U.S. domination. The paper offers almost no information about genuine labor struggles such as strikes—perhaps because there are so few.

ORIT schools conducted along these negative anti-Communist lines have trained 30,000 unionists since 1960, and AIFLD has added tens of thousands more—including 400 or 500 brought to Washington for advanced courses. Three thousand Brazilians had been "educated" by AIFLD as of the end of 1965. Carefully discouraged are such militant elements as those among the Bolivian miners, some of whom are Communists and Trotskyites.

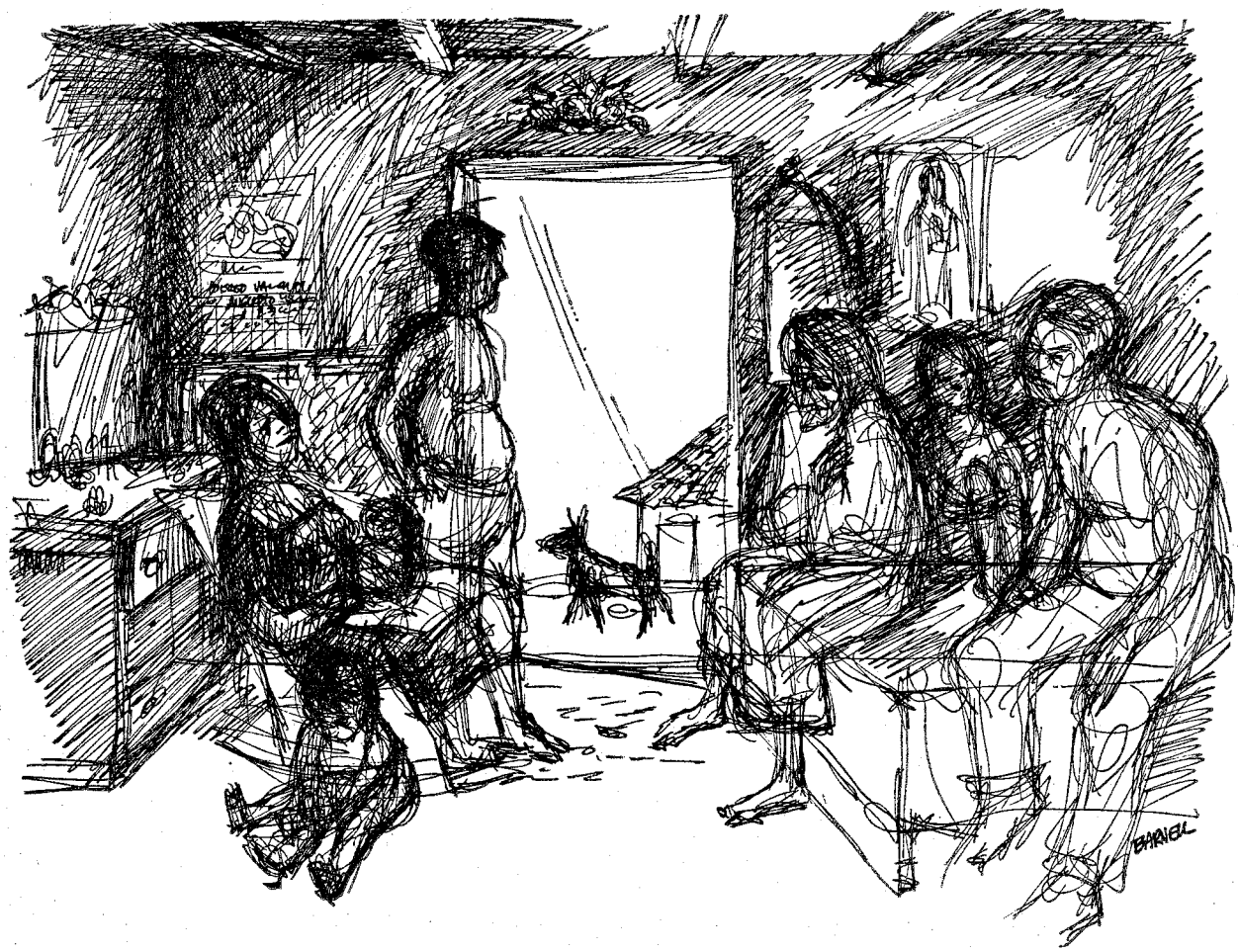
On the economic front ORIT seeks to confine activity to simple union objectives such as wages, hours and grievance machinery—a carbon copy of North American union objectives. But since the right to strike is severely curtailed in so many Latin American countries, and bargaining must take place under the watchful eye of the Minister of Labor, this is not too impressive an activity. There is no question that the AFL-CIO wants its ORIT affiliates to gain higher wages and shorter hours, and is willing to spend money for that purpose. But present conditions in Latin America do not lend themselves to any massive campaign in that direction, and the result—as Joseph J. Palisi, a former staffer of AIFLD points out—is that ORIT "has tended to serve the needs of worker 'aristocracy' within Latin American labor." Understandably, it also has a "weak 'revolutionary' image," which under present circumstances "is an important deficiency."

The Communist-led unions, of course, search for a more militant role in economic affairs and stand—at least abstractly—for a revolutionary reconstruction of society. In Chile and Uruguay, Communist leadership is predominant. In Argentina and Bolivia, though excluded from top leadership in the unions, the Communists are a formidable bloc. But communism is no longer as formidable as in the days when the Mexican, Lombardo Toledano, headed the Confederacion de Trabajadores de America Latina (CTAL). Lombardo has become more moderate, and many of the pro-Communist affiliates have either changed leadership or lost interest. CTAL has been in limbo for almost a decade and a half. After Castro merged with the Communists he sought to rebuild a leftist international federation, together with unions in Venezuela, Bolivia and the Peronista faction in Argentina, but the effort was abortive.

Today, communism is fragmented. The pro-Chinese elements prefer to spend their energies organizing in the rural areas, and the pro-Moscow and pro-Fidel segments have lost much of their aggressiveness. The pro-Moscow wing, in particular, is weakened by the fact that some of its comrades served in dictatorial governments such as those of Batista. For the most part it, like ORIT, lacks the "revolutionary" image (see "Revolution Without Revolutionaries" by Norman Gall, *The Nation*, August 22).

The new force that seems to be on the upgrade in Latin America is CLASC, which has international headquarters in Santiago de Chile. Formed a decade ago and still the smallest of the three forces in Latin American labor, CLASC seems certain to become a formidable challenge to ORIT and the AFL-CIO, even though it is excoriated by some right-wing priests as too radical, and two or three Christian union centers have as yet refused to join

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



it. Its affiliate in Chile enjoys the friendship of President Eduardo Frei, and in the Dominican Republic it has recruited 60 per cent of the currently organized unionists. Like ORIT, CLASC gets outside financial help (though it is very little by comparison). The money comes from the Christian Democrats of West Germany and the international Christian union body.

More significant than its size is the fact that CLASC enters the arena as a revolutionary force which is neutralist, and offers a "third way" that is neither pro-Communist nor pro-American. It insists that Latin American unions coordinate their economic activity with the movement for fundamental social change. For this it has won the unyielding hostility of the AFL-CIO's Lovestone group and ORIT.

"Influenced by United States labor leaders," says Emilio Maspero, CLASC's secretary-general, "various Latin American trade unions appear to operate on the belief that by negotiating collectively agreed upon contracts . . . they can achieve a higher standard of living for the laboring masses and effect meaningful reform. There is no basis in reality to justify this assumption. The only feasible goal for labor in Latin America is to organize the working forces in a decisive manner as an instrument for affecting social revolution."

Maspero derides both U.S. unionists who preach "the advantages of free enterprise and popular capitalism" and the Communists who "have always preferred to penetrate, infiltrate and dominate the existing trade unions." (CLASC, however, has warmer feelings toward Walter Reuther and his brother Victor.) Maspero, heading an organization of only a few million members, points out that "there are more than 80 million peasants and workers who are not organized," and makes it clear to ORIT that he does not intend to "steal" their members, but to organize that 80 million. Whether he and his associates can do it remains to be seen, but there is no doubt that they offer an attractive nationalist and neutralist alternative to the two forces that have hitherto been in the saddle. By condemning U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic, U.S. control of the Organization of American States, and its support of militarist regimes, CLASC is creating a strong undergirding of popular support. If it can make headway in the rural areas, currently its first priority, it will become formidable.

An intelligent United States policy would embrace this "third force." It is the only one that offers any hope because, whatever its weaknesses, it at least points the way to what Latin America—with its ballooning population and its relative decline in food production—desperately needs. If this opportunity is thrust aside (as France and the United States spurned a similar one in Vietnam) the people of the nineteen republics will have little choice but to align themselves with Peking-minded guerrilla movements.

Here, alas, the AFL-CIO and the State Department have been until now maddeningly shortsighted. They prefer a futile crusade against communism to support of the nationalist-neutralist forces that offer Latin American toilers an opening into the future.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Third World In The Real World

THREE WORLDS OF DEVELOPMENT: The Theory and Practice of International Stratification. *By Irving Louis Horowitz. Oxford University Press. 475 pp. $8.50.*

JOHN GERASSI
Mr. Gerassi is the author of The Great Fear in Latin America *(Collier) and a sociological study,* The Boys of Boise, *which Macmillan will publish in October.*

Usually, the first problem tackled in freshman philosophy class is the relationship between the individual and society, the One and the Many. If it is honestly stated, the problem remains unsolved, for how can the One ever retain its individuality if it is combined into the Many, and how can the Many survive if the One remains unique. Ah, but there is the glory of philosophy: it does not have to furnish solutions, only the right questions.

In the harsh, cruel world of reality, however, speculation is a luxury, and experts are expected to come up with quick answers. Thus some claim that the One must be preserved at all costs, others that it is the Many who count. The result is a clash between egoism and altruism, between liberty and equality, or, in political-economic terms, between capitalism and socialism.

The Socialists view capitalism as a phase in the historical economic process. The capitalists scoff at socialism as an excuse for elitist authoritarianism. Both admit that "compromise" is possible, but they look upon it as an unnatural offspring—a *mixed* economy. And since every nation—including Soviet Russia—wants to "catch up" to the United States, there is an underlying assumption (which, of course, is highly stressed in the West) that everyone ultimately respects American values the most.

Sociologist Irving Horowitz agrees with neither the choice, nor the analysis nor the assumption. He knows full well, of course, that every country strives for development, envies the United States and lusts for its affluence. But in this brilliant study of the *Three Worlds of Development,* he explains that equal goals do not necessarily mean equal values, and that to seek someone else's technological advancement is not inevitably to seek his ideology. By treating development as a sociological problem, which involves not only economics and politics but also geography, history, religion and psychology, and by approaching the Third World —the underdeveloped nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America—from its own context, he shows that the "system of false alternatives with respect to the 'East-West conflict'" leads only to inadequate "oversimplified ideologies" and inapplicable "over-complicated models."

Undoubtedly, the East-West conflict did focus attention on the problem of development in the Third World. When everyone in an isolated sector is both poor and without hope, or as Horowitz puts it, when "there is a relative balance between life expectations and life-styles," the *status quo* is not threatened. But once comparisons become possible and once promises are made, hope for a better future is generated. That hope unleashes the pressure for change. Nevertheless, Horowitz insists, it is wrong to deduce that because two antagonistic sides are making the promises and are stimulating the hope, the newly awakened poor will therefore opt for one or the other. What guides them, he says, is neither propaganda nor ideological reasoning, but their own needs, their own history and their own conditions.

The Third World's history is neither Russian nor American, neither libertarian nor equalitarian. Its various nations were either primitive or isolated, then, either economic or political colonies. Because Soviet Russia is a 20th-century state which managed to skip various stages of development to reach in a few decades its current status as the world's second power, the Third World cannot hide feeling a certain kinship for it. But that admiration is not obedience, just as the Third World's craving for American affluence is not envy for its voting booths. The Third World doesn't know very much about liberty—or equality. It wants to consume like Americans and like Russians, and it wants to be able to do so fast—as the Russians did. Thus the choice facing the Third World is "not simply between freedom and slavery, as free enterprise apologists maintain," says Horowitz, but between speed and *status quo,* that is, between some form of socialism and colonialism. He adds:

> To expect any more is simply asking for utopia. The Cuban Revolution of 1959 did not "crush" democracy, as there was precious little of it to crush. The Algerian Revolution did not abolish personal freedom; under the French colonialists there was none to guarantee. The Egyptian Revolution did not deprive the bourgeoisie of the free trade it did not possess.

But the Socialists are wrong if they think that the Third World chooses its structure out of ideological sympathy. What motivates its choice is its desire to catch up to the rich. It is aware that the gap between the poor and the rich nations is increasing every year, that the rich keep getting richer because they sell manufactured goods, and that the poor keep getting poorer (comparatively) because they sell primary goods at prices set by the rich. To break the cycle, the poor have to industrialize. But that takes capital, which means savings. And the United States, which controls the money market, "is able to raise interest charges at will; and even when it does not do so, its credit position provides it with a constant economic edge, since, given the unequal starting point of the Third World, its member nations can barely repay the interest, let alone the principal on loans issued." Besides, American aid is to a great extent military; of the rest, most is in the form of credit for specific goods purchased from American companies and repayable in dollars, or in the form of surplus commodities (Food for Peace) "which would otherwise remain idle and be subject to storage costs or deterioration."

The only other way to accumulate capital is through taxation and/or expropriation. But to be meaningful, both of these measures must hit hardest the big property owners and the big investors who are either Western capitalists or members of the traditional elite, who do not want to upset the *status quo.* The underdeveloped country bent on industrializing is therefore forced to use coercion against the private sector, which defines it as anti-capitalist. The irony is that this is due mostly to the absurdly rigid pro-capitalist policies of the United States, which was strikingly demonstrated to all at the 1964 United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, when the United States consistently voted against every proposal meant to help stimulate the development of the underdeveloped world.

But the Third World also seems anti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western in that it is generally anti-parliamentarian. Horowitz explains that:

> The consciousness of impoverishment gives an aura of frenzied immediacy to the process of social change. To catch up with the "fully developed" societies becomes a definition of national purpose. To introduce doubt as to the value of this contest becomes a form of intolerable subversion. This is one primary reason why pluralistic and parliamentary politics have become increasingly scant in Third World nations. Controversy has itself come to be viewed as a luxury which only advanced nations can afford.

And so, the Third World ends up with a *de facto* Socialist structure (or, at least, it is heading toward it). But the rationale is not Socialist. What the Third World wants is "the commodities which result from development rather than a part in the ownership of these products." It wants capitalist affluence, which it knows it can achieve only through a Socialist developmental process. It is in this sense that there can be talk of "mixed" economies. Contrary to most analyses of the elites of the Third World, Horowitz documents the fact that these elites are not dogmatic copyists but pragmatic leaders whose most vivid characteristic is impatience. They are neither anti-American nor anti-Russian, but simply non-capitalist and non-Communist. Their sympathies and jealousies are determined by the examples of these two developed worlds, but their choice of which to follow is determined by these worlds' policies.

Horowitz scrutinizes not only these policies but the examples themselves. He shows that there are stunning similarities between the development of the First World—the capitalist West headed by the United States—and of the Second World—the Socialist East led by Soviet Russia. Both launched their modernization and industrialization processes after civil wars, the United States in 1865, Russia in 1922. Both relied on cheap labor for their success: "Russian conscript labor may be considered a substitute for the immigrant labor flow in 19th-century America."

But there the similarities end. The United States developed "in a military atmosphere relatively free from foreign pressures toward conquest." Soviet Russia, born in war and always in danger—from the "imperialist *cordon sanitaire*" of 1920 to the "ring of bases" which Stalin saw in 1950—developed "with the fact as well as the psychology of being surrounded by hostile military forces." The resulting laissez-faire economy of the United States was understandable; the rigid planning of Soviet Russia was necessary. Today, the Third World does not have the time or the isolation to follow America's path. Nor is it continuously threatened by armed invasion to justify the degree of coercion used by Soviet planners. (Horowitz readily admits, however, that the Third World does feel threatened by the United States: "For Latin America the main fears tend to be economic encroachment; in Africa, political encroachment; in Asia, direct military encroachment.")

Crammed with information, daringly fresh in outlook, Professor Horowitz's book is a crucial work of sociology. Believing that social science must be an applied science, it offers a practical theory of development, a "model of models," based on the interplay of "social order and social change," on the interrelation of process and structure. Thus its subtitle: *The Theory and Practice of International Stratification.*

In order to posit such a theory, Horowitz has to cope with the various theories advanced by his contemporaries. With incisiveness and consistency, he dissects them and discards them, including Walt Rostow's capitalist utopianism, John Kenneth Galbraith's salvation-through-knowledge sentimentalism, and John J. Johnson's reverse Marxism where class elitism is heralded through the bourgeoisie or the military or both. Horowitz explains that these theorists are insensitive to the fact

DOUBLEDAY
ANCHOR BOOKS
THE FIRST NAME IN QUALITY PAPERBACK PUBLISHING

A NEW HISTORY OF THE COLD WAR
Third Edition, Expanded, of A HISTORY OF THE COLD WAR
John A. Lukacs
For this revised and expanded edition of his widely-praised history, Professor Lukacs has added three completely new chapters in which he examines the Cuban crisis and American policy toward Russia under Lyndon Johnson. He also presents his basic thesis: that the Cold War, between Russia and the United States, with its major center of activity always in Europe, is now at an end. $1.75

THE GOOD SAMARITAN AND THE LAW
Edited by James M. Ratcliffe
A symposium on the law and morality of giving aid in perilous situations. Probing causes for apathy among witnesses to acts of violence, and discussing the legal and moral implications that follow, these 16 essays, many written for a University of Chicago Law School conference, comprise the only comprehensive book to date on this subject. *An Anchor Original.* $1.45

CRISIS AND COMPROMISE
Politics in the Fourth Republic
Philip M. Williams
A definitive study of the structure and working of the French political system set up in 1945 that broke down during the Algerian crisis to be replaced by Gaullism. "Must rank as one of the classics of modern political science."—DAVID CAUTE, *The Oxford Magazine.* $2.45

SOCIALIST HUMANISM
An International Symposium
Edited by Erich Fromm
A striking collection of essays by philosophers and political scientists on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Among the contributors are Eugene Kamenka, Irving Fetscher, Adam Schaff, T. B. Bottomore, Danilo Dolci, Herbert Marcuse. $1.75

A Doubleday Hardbound Book of Special Interest . . .

THE SOCIAL CONSTRUCTION OF REALITY
A Treatise in the Sociology of Knowledge
Peter L. Berger and Thomas Luckmann
This book re-defines the sociology of knowledge as the study of "everything that passes for knowledge in society," particularly "common-sense knowledge" that constitutes the reality of everyday life for the ordinary member of society — a definition whose implications extend far beyond sociology. $5.95

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City, New York
Our Laidlaw division, River Forest, Illinois, serves the textbook needs of today's schools.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the underdeveloped condition of the Third World "results from structural deformities and not simply from a historical lag or backwardness."

These theorists, he concludes, are unwilling or unable to understand that "the Third World's position is that the anachronisms of capitalism offer no real option to the aberrations of socialism. If they have not yet arrived at any unified formula, it is not because these nations do not know where they are going so much as they are worried about how long it will take to get 'there,' and at what price. The essential pragmatism of Third World spokesmen lies in their capacity to define goals heuristically rather than hysterically."

Common-Sense Communism

THE COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES. *By Charles Nordhoff. Schocken Books. 439 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.*

GEORGE KATEB

Mr. Kateb is author of Utopia and Its Enemies *(Free Press). He teaches political science at Amherst College.*

To read today Charles Nordhoff's account of his travels in 1874 is to renew acquaintance with the Communist ideal. The more we hear the word "communism," the less sense we make of it. Except maybe for the poor Chinese, most everybody has forgotten or never understood what communism meant to its founders. This is not necessarily to praise the Chinese; it is only to say they alone still seem in touch with the notion. When one considers the hopes of simple people and zealous intellectuals in England, France, Germany and America, in the first part of the 19th century, one easily sees that not only Red-baiting and Soviet apologetics but also neo-Marxist humanism are all far away. Neither propagandist crudity nor philosophical refinement bears much relation to original communism. And as time goes on, the ideal will grow more spectral. The irrepressible increase of knowledge and technique will render communism increasingly archaic, and make of it something amusing, fit only to entertain jaded sensibilities, part of the record of pastoral, as distant from reality as the old stories of the Golden Age. Modernity has killed the idea; wealth and power have killed the idea; rationalism has killed the idea. Is there any reason for regret? There is little in Nordhoff's book—or in other descriptions of American Communist societies—that would lead one to think so.

America, itself supposedly utopia, became the haven for nearly a hundred literal utopian efforts in the 19th century. Altogether a few thousand people took part. The sources of inspiration were German piety, Anglo-American evangelism, Owenite and Fourierist socialism, and transcendentalist idealism—an incredible mixture of impulses, occasionally in conflict with one another. Some utopian communities were made up of native Americans, some of recent immigrants (mostly Germans). Some were enthusiastically religious, some wanly philosophical. Some were ascetic in their style of life, some ventured to permit the senses a fuller indulgence. Some sought to move from poverty to sufficiency, some sought to escape from the prevailing materialism. All were built in defiance of selfishness, self-seeking, self-assertion—almost in defiance of the very self. It is precisely the assault on individuality, healthy and diseased, that defines communism and that establishes its remoteness from most later humanism, and most later practice and desire in the advanced social systems.

In 1874, Nordhoff, a New Yorker, visited the "communes" of eight of the main kinds of surviving American communism, and tried to see what these curiosities contained. He went, he says, ". . . to see if their experience offers any useful hints toward the solution of the labor question." Nordhoff was appalled by the growth of trade unions and "International Societies," because they sought "to eliminate from the thoughts of their adherents the hope or expectation of independence," and threatened to disrupt and depress the entire economic organization of capitalist society. Out of a passionate regard for the viability of capitalism, and of the capitalist principle, Nordhoff took his tour, hoping to find some alternative to unions, some substitute for the frontier as a safety valve "for the enterprise and discontent of our non-capitalist population." Though the communities were not as numerous or well populated as they had once been, Nordhoff thought that they still stood for something important. To be sure, Brook Farm and many of the Fourierist phalanxes—the communities with the most imagination—were no longer in existence. But from the point of view of a man like Nordhoff that was all to the good. Most of those who had abandoned communism had been playing at it only neurotically. What was wanted was something down to earth, something that worked, and worked to the same end as society at large, whatever the eccentricity of the means. Nordhoff was not searching for crystallized expressions of radical social criticism. He wanted serviceable utopias. And he found them. The oddness of utopianism in the land of plenty was offset by the Americanization of utopia.

Nordhoff spent most of his time with those communities that derived from Christianity—Protestant, simple, severe and full of the spirit of mutual aid. The fact that his book is continually depressing is accounted for by his omission of the intellectualist communities—except for Oneida, on which he is unfortunately quite brief. Dutifully, he makes much of the longevity of the Communists: where else should a realistic observer begin but at the unusual accumulation of years that most of the inhabitants had managed? And the years had certainly not been wasted. Nordhoff records that the typical commune had, in fact, made a tidy profit, had worked its land well, had engaged in small industries. It is marvelous to hear Mr. Worldly Wiseman pass such favorable judgment on Mount Zion:

> It is probably a low estimate of the wealth of the seventy-two communes to place it at twelve millions of dollars . . . if it were [equally divided], the members would be worth over two thousand dollars per head, counting men, women, and children. . . . I am satisfied that *during its accumulation* the Communists enjoyed a greater amount of comfort, and vastly greater security against want and demoralization, than were attained by their neighbours or the surrounding population.

Totally without competitiveness, they had passed the capitalist test of survival. The Communists were also superior in their general cleanliness.

Nordhoff makes it quite clear that all the Communists rejected the life of un-

By a rich fast moving stream
I
saw
the
dragonfly
become a
dragon and
then a poem
about a dragonfly
becoming a dangerous
reader in fast pursuit
of summer transformations.

JOHN TAGLIABUE

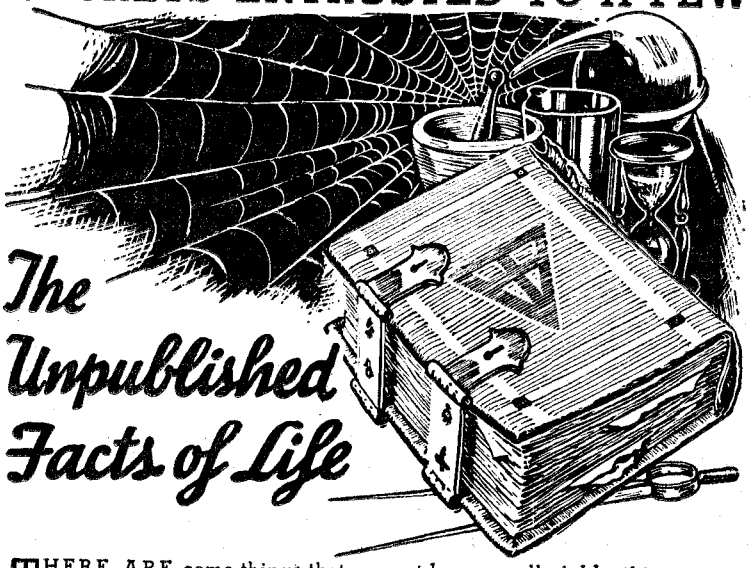
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

limited acquisition. Though they were more than able to earn their way, they contented themselves with sufficiency; they did not aspire to a compulsive addition of wealth. They did not practice worldly asceticism, in Max Weber's sense: they knew the meaning of enough. The image which emerges from Nordhoff's book is that of Protestant monasticism—not so much an order as a fraternity or extended family, in which both sexes had a place; the world in perfected miniature, rather than an agency of the spiritual rulers of the world.

Nordhoff is interested in demonstrating the plausibility of communism; he hopes the examples he selects will prove sufficiently contagious to diminish the insurgent threats to the capitalist system. The absurdity of his task becomes apparent as he describes the radical aspects of the communal life. Many of the Communists he visited were celibate on religious grounds. Nordhoff tries hard to treat celibacy as if it were one more, though doubtlessly significant, custom. In addition, so eager is Nordhoff to show the common sense of communism that he takes issue with those who had maintained that without a fanatical attachment to religion no Communist society could hold together. Nordhoff is convinced that *some* religion is necessary; provided all the membership of the commune share it, its specific content does not matter. For Nordhoff, the really major precondition of utopian success is the prior experience of terrible deprivation: the memory of suffering is the sustaining emotion. (Nordhoff is harsh toward the comfortable transcendentalists, who did not know the meaning of work or the connection between working and having enough to eat.) But suffering and *any* kind of religion did not lead to communism. The nature of the religion was decisive. Not all the Christian Communists carried their fanaticism to the point of insisting on celibacy; but common to all of them was an intensity of religious commitment that a conventionally Christian society found simply unacceptable. In turn, the religious commitment was made possible by a primitivity of understanding, an immaturity of mind, that the rest of society was drawing away from. Of course, the communities made up of "philosophers" were short lived: Hawthorne's *The Blithedale Romance* is eloquent on the incompatibility of communitarianism with everything that permits and accompanies sophistication, with study, solitude, sensitive nerves. Nordhoff himself laments the lack of intellectuality in all but the Oneida community.

The sad truth is that once the intended beneficiaries of communism pass beyond their initial low level of human development, the Communist ideal ceases to have any relevance. Their suffering may still vaguely incline them in a Communist direction; communism may even provide them a temporary solace from their suffering. But the communism of the early 19th century checked energy, retarded self-realization, killed mind. By praising communism and advocating its increase, Nordhoff was condemning the lower classes to an inhuman though well-fed existence. And by not realizing the dependence of communism on fanaticism, he was indulging his fancy. Communism is dead in the West; the family cannot be the paradigm of extended social relationships; talk about solidarity or fraternity or community is just that—talk. Communism may live in China, as long as fanaticism and poverty survive. Once they go, communism must go. Marx himself, in his early Paris manuscripts, had already reached beyond the movement that emerged in his name. He said: "Communism is the necessary form and the dynamic principle of the immediate future, but communism is not itself the goal of human development—the form of human society." It is the real merit of Nordhoff's old book unwittingly to make these considerations vivid.

SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW



The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE ARE some things that can not be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

THIS FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization), an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe B.B.M.

The ROSICRUCIANS

(AMORC) • SAN JOSE • CALIFORNIA 95114 U.S.A.

Scribe: B.B.M.
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114, U.S.A.

Please send copy of free booklet, "The Mastery of Life," which I shall read as directed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zip Code*

Please Include Your Zip Code

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Actor's Workshop Is Dead

FREDERICK H. GARDNER
Mr. Gardner is a free-lance writer based in San Francisco.

The Actor's Workshop lies dead in a pool of red ink. For years *The Chronicle*, San Francisco's pro-enlightenment paper, warned that the demise of the Workshop would mean "a loss of cultural face." The head of the city's Arts Commission said "it would place us on a cultural par with Salinas." (The Mayor of Salinas, a near-by town, demanded an apology and got it.) When the final curtain fell on July 23, a Chamber of Commerce spokesman announced: "We've still got the ballet, the opera and the symphony. Our image is O.K."

The image may well be O.K., but the reality has driven creative people in San Francisco to form an Artists' Liberation Front. One revolutionary aim of the ALF is to help artists help themselves instead of begging the city and the local gentry to subsidize their performances and exhibitions. Another is to lead the fight against censorship, the banning of shows from the parks and the closing of clubs under all the pretexts known to the police.

Prime movers in the new group include Tillie Olsen, the skillful short-story writer; Ron Davis, head of the San Francisco Mime Troupe; Bill Graham, a folk-rock impresario; and Alan Meyerson, director of the cabaret called The Committee. These artists see in the rise and fall of the Workshop a parable that illustrates the hazards of establishment patronage.

Herbert Blau and Jules Irving founded the Workshop in 1952 and were thanked by official and semi-official San Francisco for doing so. In 1954 a *Chronicle* critic wrote that the local production of *Death of a Salesman* proved that "we can produce, right here in the Bay Area, shows as well-acted and well-directed, if not quite so plushly mounted, as those on Broadway at their best." Four years later, when the State Department asked the group to do *Waiting for Godot* at the Brussels World's Fair, Mayor George Christopher headed a citizens' committee to raise money for their trip. The State Department asked the Workshop to leave behind their stage manager, a member of the Teamsters Union (he worked as a warehouseman by day), who was thought to have unsavory opinions. Blau and Irving protested, but finally went without him "in fairness to the citizens of San Francisco." En route they played New York and drew plaudits from Brooks Atkinson. They were a hit in Europe. Without a doubt the Workshop had become the most prestigious theatre company in the hinterlands.

In 1959, the Ford Foundation had promised $52,000 a year for the next three years—with the stipulation that the city match the sum—so that the company could import ten Broadway actors at $200 a week. Identical grants went to the Phoenix Theatre in New York, the Arena in Washington and the Alley in Houston. Ford's dual purpose was to decentralize United States theatre by encouraging resident companies, and to call the bluff of Broadway actors who complained that they wanted to work in a variety of plays, especially classics, but couldn't earn a living at it.

Patrons of the arts in New York, Washington and Houston quickly matched Ford's outlay, but their San Francisco counterparts were tightfisted. With Ford's deadline a month away and $39,000 of the first year's $52,000 not yet raised, four prominent Bay Area businessmen pledged to raise the balance. Ford waived its rule about cash on the line and gave the big shots those easy credit terms they've given us all along.

As it turned out, however, Ford's first venture into theatre was about as successful as the Edsel. The presence of ten New York actors earning $200 a week didn't boost the morale of the old-timers who still earned from $40 to $80. Blau and Irving, juggling four shows a week between the large Marines Memorial Theatre and the tiny Encore, had to dispense with the traditional company meetings that Workshop veterans considered instructive and inspiring. Audiences grew—from 54,000 in 1959 to 85,000 in 1962—and Irving was told that the next Ford grant would enable the Workshop to build its own 600-seat theatre on tax-free land. But the company had lost its familial spirit, unity of style and the respect of some good friends.

Ron Davis, now director of the Mime Troupe, joined the Workshop in 1960. Mime being his first love, Blau and Irving let him stage his own shows at the Encore Sunday nights at eleven. Davis quit in 1962, not grateful enough to stick with a company he thought was exhausted physically, and almost defunct theatrically. "It was a case of overextension," he says in retrospect. "The Ford grant did it.

"But you can't just blame it on the terms of the grant," he adds. "There was a meeting, a midway meeting between a grant that was bad for the theatre and two men willing to accept that grant. It's never just the grant, or just the men for that matter."

Blau and Irving went to the big grant daddy of them all, Lincoln Center, early in 1965, and no one who had followed their financial travail was surprised. The public appeals for funds had grown increasingly desperate as the production schedule became more and more ambitious. A few parochial citizens regarded the departure of the Workshop directors as an insult to San Francisco, a throwback to the days when this was a Triple-A minor-league town and the stars, like DiMaggio, all disappeared to New York. Ralph Gleason, a *Chronicle* columnist who is in close touch with the city's artists, had to remind his readers: "It is the constitutional prerogative of Messrs. Blau and Irving to quit and take a better job."

By way of consolation Gleason observed: "The Workshop, while it may be a big thing with the Chamber of Commerce handouts, has been a good deal of a bore over the years. . . . Actually the last thing the Workshop did that was absolutely essential was the Ronnie Davis mime presentation at the Encore." Gleason suggested turning the Encore over to Davis, who wouldn't have accepted it, he says, because "the audience I want goes to the park on Sunday, but wouldn't go to the Encore."

Davis is so keen on going to his audience artistically as well as geographically that he incorporated words and music into the Mime Troupe routine. Last year the troupe played to some 50,000 people in the parks, although the Parks and Recreation Commission wouldn't let them drop their platform on the most favorable sites. Davis hopes that the Artists' Liberation Front will take a cue from his own group and "distinguish the people of San Francisco from the Peninsula people. That's what the Workshop forgot to do. Their audience was 60 per cent Peninsula people: college graduates, professionals who live down there where it's warm all the time, near Stanford, near the electronics companies."

When Blau and Irving left they took their staff and leading actors and actresses with them. Ken Kitch, who had joined the Workshop in 1959 as an actor, became managing director. As artistic director he hired John Hancock, whose credentials included a successful Off-Broadway version of *A Man's a Man*. The two young administrators found that former backers, Ford included, would not contribute until the Workshop proved itself. But how is that done with no money to stage shows?

Hancock, trying to keep the deficit down, assembled a company of people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

willing to work for less than $80 a week. He directed them in the United States première of *Edward II* and a widely praised *Midsummer Night's Dream*. His co-worker, Marc Estrin, staged *A Man's a Man*. All three productions were well attended. Even so, when Hancock made an emergency plea for $150,000 to erase the deficit and provide operating capital for a new season, only $49,500 was forthcoming. The city offered $25,000 of this sum from its hotel-tax fund. (Hancock thought it all should have come from the hotel tax, which was created specifically to support cultural activities. The fund has been used crassly to promote tourism. The artistic event of the decade, the 1964 Republican Convention, was lured with $200,000 from the hotel-tax fund.) Another $22,500 was promised by the federal government, and only $2,000 came from private patrons and local corporations.

Hancock has now left San Francisco for Pittsburgh. His budget for the 1966-67 season will be $700,000, and almost all of it comes from corporate sources. After a year of begging by the Bay, Hancock was so stunned by this beneficence that he asked a Pittsburgh city father to explain it to him. "We need to attract engineers, scientists, top executives," he was told. "When people think of Pittsburgh they think of smoke. So we've got to do something to make people want to live here."

"San Francisco doesn't," says Kitch, following the Pittsburgher's line of reasoning. "People will always want to live here for the view."

Kitch has ample reason to be bitter. The Chamber of Commerce refused to meet with him for months; then it issued a statement, after the Workshop's finale, saying if only Kitch had come to them sooner they could have saved his company. Mayor Shelley won't do anything on behalf of culture except promote a Lincoln Center type of construction project that few artists want. Governor Brown was "actively unfriendly," according to Marc Estrin, when the Workshop made a last-ditch appeal for his help. Estrin says he would like to see Ronald Reagan elected governor on the theory that things must get worse before they get better.

Leaders and rank and file of the ALF share this apocalyptic feeling. They see the traditional backers of the arts as their present enemies; and they identify these backers with the liberal establishment. They are convinced that art can thrive only by ignoring and inevitably offending the establishment.

Davis holds up the progress of the Mime Troupe—which is as popular and as broke as the Workshop was eight years ago, but vastly different in its attitude toward patronage—as a test case for the ALF approach. Instead of seeking subsidies when the troupe needs money, Davis will take them out of San Francisco on tour. One such jaunt is scheduled for this fall. It will enable his actors to pay their milkmen, and might even remind people that politicians who harass artists make the city a duller place in which to live.

Art and Argot at Karamu

BENNETT KREMEN
Mr. Kremen is a free-lance writer and an associate editor of Holiday *magazine. He was both a teacher and social worker in East Harlem.*

When I told the cab driver at the Cleveland airport to take me to a hotel near Karamu House, he spun toward me from the wheel: "You don't want to stay around there, mister!" As he looked over my tweeds, my typewriter, his voice became emphatic: "It ain't safe around there. Why don't I take you to the Statler?"

"Near the Karamu House," I repeated, and he pulled away silently toward 89th and Quincy, toward that "nigger theatre" on the east side of Cleveland. As we drove on I kept watching for the decay and squalor, brassy bars and red-eyed Negroes shuffling in doorways that had been implied in my driver's reaction. *The center of the community, a place of joyful gathering* — Karamu! The Swahili word seemed an irony. If it were really another Brownsville, another Bedford-Stuyvesant, I had no expectations of joyful gatherings. As we moved deeper into the city, I kept watching for the symptoms.

But the hotel where I stayed faced a block of small houses with large lawns and dogs barking in the back yards. There was nothing rich along that street, but it was solid, stable, homes of churchgoers, civil servants — people who paint their fences and try hard not to get involved when the youngsters threaten the peace with pickets and demonstrations. Like many others I met in Cleveland, the cab driver had simply failed to discriminate among Negro neighborhoods.

This time I was puzzled and disappointed by the error. For Karamu, the oldest Negro, now integrated theatre, art school and dancing group in America, with former members on Broadway and television, in the opera and the movies, seemed on those bland side streets cut from its sources and abandoned. Karamu had begun in 1915, when a settlement house was opened by Russell and Rowena Jelliff in an area of Cleveland called the "Roaring Third." Most of Cleveland's Negroes lived there in uneasy harmony with Italians, Bohemians, Irishmen and Jews. The Jelliffs established themselves in two old cottages, one of them used as a neighborhood center. When it filled too slowly, Russell Jelliff would play his guitar on a park bench, thus drawing his neighbors around him — the beginning, perhaps, of the arts at Karamu House.

But very early, when Karamu was still called the Playhouse Settlement of the Neighborhood Association, the Jelliffs became convinced that the Negro had unfettered expressiveness and unique "natural body movements." They decided that, through exploitation of these gifts, the Negro could demonstrate his worth, find elevated values and make his way into American society. A program was soon shaped by the Jelliffs around the arts. And despite their daily experience with swarms of children in dance classes, many of them awkward, certainly, or fumbling like children anywhere, the "natural body movements" of the race

C-L PHILIPPE'S
BUBU of MONTPARNASSE
(the unexpurgated edition)
Nobel Prize author T. S. Eliot helps to dry the tearful eyes of the little street-walkers of Paris. $3 postpaid.
BOOK AWARDS, 458 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10013

FOR WRITERS!
Enrich your style through Herbert Spencer's and Edgar Allan Poe's classic principles that have influenced many of the world's great authors. A help for writers eager to get published. Send $1.00 to
PAGEANT PRESS
101 5th Ave., N.Y. 3, Dept. N

COMMENTARY
WORLD'S BEST MAGAZINE?

SEE FOR YOURSELF
☐ 7 Mo. Trial $4.79
☐ 12 Mo. $8.00
COMMENTARY, NA
165 East 56 St., NY, NY
☐ Bill me.
☐ Check enclosed.
Name.....
Address.....
Zip.....
Outside USA + $1/yr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remained an *idée fixe* for the Jelliffs — a disquieting echo of "Yeah, they sure can sing and dance." But their beliefs were sincere, and they wanted to help.

For more than fifty years they did so, their labors culminating in today's Karamu House built at a cost of $500,000 in 1949, ten years after a fire destroyed the original, a rat-infested poolroom converted into a theatre. But the brown-brick institutional buildings of the new Karamu House don't stand in the "Roaring Third" or the Hough area, a scene of utter poverty, violence, rioting and defeat, in desperate need of "a place of joyful gathering."

Describing the settlement program at Karamu, Mrs. Jelliff said pointedly: "We serve all of Cleveland, but not as a settlement house—we're an art center." This confused me, for despite its drama program, opera, art studios, concert dance group, quartet, poetry workshop, its children's theatre, musical instruction, photography club and art galleries, Karamu is listed as a member of the National Federation of Settlements. Each year it submits a budget to the federation and receives funds from the Red Feather Drive to run a nursery, a golden age club, a club for the blind — these services all explained at Karamu in settlement-house jargon.

When I asked, "What are you trying to do at Karamu?" a theatre technician, warbling in the same key, explained: "We're concerned with the growth potential of people — with the total personality." "Art to define goals and values" was stressed by a dancer resting off-stage; "the creation of a therapeutic milieu," said a vocalist; "aiding the Negro," added one of the principals in an opera; "advancing integration, social mobility, helping people actualize themselves," recited a boy moving props.

This argot, a hybrid of social psychology and the civil rights movement, staggers the ear, but it plays back in modern idiom the same religious humanism, sentimentality and zeal that sent young Oxonians in Victorian times off to London's Toynbee Hall, the first settlement house. They too set out to help the neglected find elevated values, their worth, a way upward in England's society. Success drove Karamu out of the slums and ambition keeps it away. Like old baggage, the settlement-house title was left behind, but its habits and language went along to the new project on 89th and Quincy — to the art center.

As far back as the twenties, the theatre at Karamu began to draw attention. A group called the Dumas Dramatic Society was formed in 1920 in the Jelliff's Playhouse Settlement. In 1923, after a visit by Charles Gilpin, a Negro actor acclaimed for his role in O'Neill's *Emperor Jones,* this group of amateurs took the $50 he gave them and changed its name to the Gilpin Players. Without a theatre, with little money and no wages, they managed to perform in borrowed halls and school auditoriums. When a poolroom near the settlement became available in 1926, the Gilpin Players, the Jelliffs and their neighbors worked late into the night, gutting, painting, hammering it into shape with nails drawn from a donated keg. The lights were shaped from alcohol tins cadged from the local bootleggers. They named this little theatre Karamu.

The all-Negro casts avoided plays on racial themes — the reality of the black man in America was too painful, too embarrassing for the Negro of that time to illuminate it on stage. Except for a few musicals, the only openings that the commercial theatre of the twenties had for the Negro (and then only when he wasn't forced out by burnt cork) were the "singin' and dancin'" of vaudeville and the minstrel show. At Playhouse Settlement, these too were avoided. White plays were done, one of them set in Russia, the cast hidden behind long beards.

The old, bone-wearing church pews seating 120 were often filled for the 160 plays produced during the next thirteen years. And in the security of this new home, the Gilpin Players began to chance the anger of Cleveland's Negro clergy and press by offering plays on contemporary Negro life. In 1935, after the opening of *Stevedore,* an editorial in the *Gazette* accused Karamu of catering "to a class of poor whites who enjoy seeing and hearing our people ridiculed, derided or 'made monkeys of.'"

Karamu flourished in this cross wind, its players unique in America: all of them Negro, none of them paid, performing constantly. Cleveland reviewers and novelty seekers began to notice the playhouse in the "Roaring Third," then theatre magazines and the carriage trade. Many of the plays offered in that period were humorous and accurate accounts of his fellow Negroes, written by a young Karamu playwright, Langston Hughes.

But Karamu was not limited to the theatre. Painters, sculptors and print makers made their way to the settlement, one of them from a Mississippi chain gang. They, too, brought fame to Karamu, exhibiting in 1934 at the annual May Show, Cleveland's major art competition. Eight years later, Karamu artists dominated the largest exhibition of the work of Negroes ever shown in an established New York gallery. The critics were enthusiastic and other cities quickly invited Karamu's artists to exhibit.

The ultimate success had come two years earlier, when Karamu was written up by *Time* and photographed for *Life* by Gjon Mili, the occasion being a performance by the Karamu Dancers at the New York World's Fair. Their program reflected Negro culture from its African roots to the jitterbug. It excited the critics and brought Billy Rose and Katherine Dunham on talent raids. Yet for the Jelliffs, now veterans of twenty-five years *down in the quarter,* that presence on the fair ground was another attempt "to weave the Negro body movements in dance forms and symbols." However, they were caught by the vision of success, and decided not to rebuild the theatre that had burnt out the previous year, but to move on to a better neighborhood. In 1949, the move was finally made.

Sixteen years later, *A Streetcar Named Desire* was revived at Karamu. After walking through hallways like hospital corridors, I was surprised by the rough-bricked elegance of the Proscenium Theatre, its walls hung with tapestries in mute African motifs. Modern equipment, an ample stage and 223 well-placed seats make it a theatre of unusual excellence. The tickets that night were $1.50; a cast of eleven, a theatre and production staff of forty-six, were announced in the program, which also carried advance notices of a dance concert, a musical, a Pinter play and two chamber operas.

As the lights dimmed, social work and settlements were almost forgotten. I thought only of an art center, a theatre — like the old, masterful Habimah, the pride of every Jewish tailor yanked by the beard in Russia. Why not a Negro Habimah? What an argument, a tool, a weapon it could be! It is cruel that it's needed, perhaps, but it would be crueler still to neglect that need. If not a Habimah recruited in the black ghettos, then an integrated Karamu, as now, but a brilliant one in which leading ladies, white or black, but talented, could fight it out at casting for a role opposite a Romeo from Harlem or an Oedipus from Hough. If the genius could be dug out of the neglected creases of the country, then money could be raised for salaries, scholarships, a touring group, an Off-Broadway theatre. . . .

Then the curtain went up and the stage stood in semi-darkness, its New Orleans set lost in the gloom. For more than twenty minutes, Blanche and Stella struggled with their feelings, and their lines. And no wonder, for the long-parted sisters were meeting again in a tenement even Williams couldn't imagine, lit as it seemed to be by candlelight, its windows painted with tar. When one of the forty-six theatre and production staff managed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to bring the lights up, Stanley was on stage, fuming and exploding, his lines coming out like buckshot. After the intermission, the pace slowed, the faces softened, and I was reminded of how good a play *Streetcar* is. At the final curtain, the audience and the cast, an interracial one, adjourned for coffee and conversation to an art gallery, its show of oils on animal hides so impoverished that I wondered what had palsied at Karamu in the twenty-three years since those pioneers coming from the old settlement had made their mark in a New York gallery.

I had hoped an opera by Seymour Barab called *Little Red Riding Hood*—a Karamu discovery—would dispel the critical cloud growing each day darker in my mind. The performance I was able to attend was given before patients at a mental hospital, its cast of three supported by a single piano. A Chaliapin would have stuttered before members of that audience, trapped in worlds of their own. But even so, the antics of a too lively Wolf and a Red Riding Hood with a voice as timid as her soul seemed better suited for children, the few *naughty* lines intended to lift this flimsy vehicle to the level of satire being entirely expendable.

More than any of the other arts at the new Karamu, the opera theatre has gathered praise from professionals and the press. But it also suffered the most when talent scouts descended on Karamu during the casting of a *Porgy and Bess* company that toured Russia in 1955. The opera program began with the arrival in 1948 of Benno Frank, a small, talkative man with a Reinhardtian temperament. Before fleeing Germany, Frank had worked at Hamburg's Schiller Oper, and though his imagination is often excessive, his theatrical instincts are correct. His first production, Karl Orff's *Die Kluge*, set a precedent for doing unusual and original chamber operas. Since then Gluck's *Pilgrims of Mecca*, Benjamin Britten's *Let's Make an Opera*, Kaufmann's *Robe of Pearls*, Debussy's *Prodigal Son* and Hayden's *Foolish and Fickle* have all had their American premières at Karamu's Arena or Proscenium theatres.

The musical director, Helmuth Wolfes, is a huge, blue-eyed man, devoted to wit and the classics. He would be a musical master anywhere; at Karamu he is a colossus. After conducting at L'Opéra de Monte Carlo, and later doing scholarly work leading to the uncovering of a Rossini opera, *Un Turco in Italia*, which he adapted for the stage with Boris Goldovsky, Wolfes came to Karamu in 1952, where he helped train Elizabeth Foster, now with the Viener Volk Oper, and William Ray, the Oberon recently in an East Berlin performance of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In 1949, Wilhelm Furtwangler asked him to assist at the Berlin Philharmonic, but Wolfes, unable to live again in a country that had done its best to disgrace him, turned it down. It was painful to watch him playing at that lone piano for Little Red Riding Hood, the Wolf and Grandma.

Karamu productions, some skimpier even than the Barab opera, have been handled gently by Cleveland's reviewers, who are restrained, perhaps, by concern for a cultural asset or by awareness of Karamu's noble ends. Nonetheless, the box office has been slipping, and for an obvious reason. But why this dearth of excellence at an institution that has given us Clayton Corbin, recently the General in *Royal Hunt of the Sun*, and Ivan Dixon, the lead in *Nothing But a Man*?

The question was answered by Reuben Silver, a husky, generous man, university trained as a director: "I've had some trouble with *Streetcar*—with Stanley. It's not easy for any of them to work all day at jobs and rehearse at night like professionals. But our purpose is not to create professionals at Karamu; it's to help people grow." Each word he spoke resurrected the settlement buried in Karamu. And settlement-house goals are no justification for a poor theatrical performance—not if that performance is sold at a box office and open to the critics.

The soaring and plunging of Karamu's artistic achievements is not unique. Since the first piano was moved into Jane Addams' Hull House, those settlements that involved themselves in the arts have seen their staffs divided in conflicts between social work and artistic ambition—the artist often being the loser. Settlement houses use music, painting or theatre to heal; the artist uses them to achieve an excellence that is at once impersonal and imperiously demanding. Between the two, Karamu must choose.

Stratford and Ypsilanti

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick recently completed a survey of the American National Theatre for The Nation, *based on a Ford Foundation grant.*

Before July 13, 1953, the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario, was the crazy idea of a small-town civic booster. This year it offers five plays, an opera, a full-length ballet, thirteen classical concerts, two jazz concerts, two exhibitions and two seminars. Located in an unpretentious town containing a population of 23,000, the festival expects this season to sell upwards of 300,000 tickets.

I cannot speak for the jazz concerts or the seminars, but I can testify that as a theatre the festival deserves its success. It offers a well-chosen repertory of plays based on but not confined to Shakespeare. It has one of the most exciting theatre buildings in the world (and also maintains a second theatre with a conventional proscenium stage). Its acting company is remarkable not for one or two stars but for an extraordinary number of extremely talented, highly versatile performers (fourteen of whom have been with the festival for five years or more). Its directors are men whose abilities seem to be stimulated by their respect for their material, and who have long since justified the once revolutionary thrust stage by their skill in the use of it. And its management is ambitious, audacious and practical.

At Stratford, in Stanislavsky's phrase, they seem to love the art in themselves, and not themselves in the art. Because producing plays is always a perilous business, fiascoes happen at Stratford as they do elsewhere. (I remember a *Comedy of Errors* three seasons ago. . . .) But even aside from the potent charm of its surroundings on the banks of the Avon, I would rather spend an evening in the Festival Theatre than in any other theatre on this side of the Atlantic.

In the summer of 1965 the great event at Stratford was the North American première of *Mahagonny* by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill (still unperformed south of the border, except in concert form). This summer's great event is an even less familiar work: Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, which the festival is presenting in John Barton's adaptation. (The Barton version, made for the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at the English Stratford, condenses Shakespeare's trilogy into two plays, which Mr. Barton calls *Henry VI* and *Edward IV*. The first of these is being given this year in Ontario, as a companion piece to *Henry V*; the second will be done next season along with *Richard III*, as the festival completes its four-year progress through the histories.)

The *Henry VI* trilogy was probably Shakespeare's first work for the stage, and it has traditionally been dismissed as a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece of juvenile hack work. It does contain a good deal of blunt, splenetic language—"Presumptuous prelate!" "Saucy peer!"—from which I personally derive great pleasure, but which is difficult to take altogether seriously. But as edited by Barton and directed by John Hirsch, without gimmickry or updating, it is a powerful and lurid picture of a world in chaos, startling in its contemporaneity.

In a program note, Hirsch quotes Yeats:

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . .
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

The 20th-century poet has provided an exact description of this 16th-century play. Poor Henry VI, the weak son of a hero-father, is a good youth, but his goodness is no match for the passionate intensity of his self-seeking barons, each of them eager to chance the wreck of the kingdom in order to gain control of it. Henry lacks even enough conviction to save his most loyal servant, the good Duke Humphrey, from men who are the enemies of king as well as duke. And so the kingdom, the social structure, falls apart, and anarchy is loosed upon the world.

Shakespeare's vision extends further than the political and military arenas; in one brilliant scene, he brings on a crippled peasant who proclaims that his sight has been miraculously restored after lifelong blindness. King Henry, poor saintly boob, immediately begins thanking God for His goodness. But Duke Humphrey, who knows how the world is, promises to perform another "miracle," and "restore this cripple to his legs again." "Now, sirrah," he says, "if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away." The poor fellow protests piteously, but as the beadle brings the whip down on him, the supposed cripple springs up and runs off like a hare. It is a world where nothing is sure.

As a boy, Hirsch spent the years of World War II in the chaos of Eastern Europe, barely surviving, and that perhaps gives him a special closeness to this material. He contrives particularly vivid images of cruelty and violence, not with the nasty ingenuity of a Bond movie but in order to evoke a cruel and violent world. His production is unflinching, vigorous, swift and extremely well acted.

There is always the danger, as with several of Shakespeare's histories, that this play will dissolve into a welter of more or less interchangeable mail-clad lords with geographical names, but at Stratford most of the characters in *Henry VI* are quite sharply individualized: bluff Duke Humphrey (Tony Van Bridge), whose goodness is not weakness; tough, clever Suffolk (Leo Ciceri); the openly villainous Bishop of Winchester (Powys Thomas); York (Barry MacGregor), a surly boy, easily manipulated by insidious, subtle Warwick (William Hutt). Briain Petchey makes an affecting King Henry — young, self-doubting, transparently eager to please. Frances Hyland, as Queen Margaret, is both attractive enough to make credible the young king's sudden infatuation and strong enough for Margaret's bloody-minded plotting and hysterical grief. This is the play that contains Shakespeare's portrait of Joan of Arc as a screaming, cursing upstart whose power comes from witchcraft; Martha Henry plays her with sympathy, but without whitewash.

Henry VI, with its unexpected pertinency and power, somewhat overshadows Michael Langham's fine production of *Henry V*. Langham's program note suggests that he meant to show us the seamy side of war, instead of stressing the play's romantic, recruiting-poster aspects. And in fact his battle scenes, like the ones staged by Hirsch for *Henry VI*, make fighting look like the sweaty, ugly, agonizing business it is.

But Langham presents Henry V as sincere in his belief that his war with France is just, and the seamier elements in play and production are not strong enough to overbear this view of the matter. It is in this respect a conventional production, but admirable in its way, forthrightly staged and strongly acted. My only serious reservation is that Douglas Rain's personable and soldierly King Henry lacks the animal magnetism to make the most of his great speeches.

The third of this year's Shakespeare productions at Stratford is a lyrical, light-footed *Twelfth Night*, directed by David William, about which I have no serious reservations whatsoever. William has a lively comic imagination; he has hung a swing in Olivia's garden, for instance, and both Malvolio and Sir Andrew tangle hilariously with it, each in his own distinctive and characteristic fashion. He makes clever fun of the love-stricken Orsino, but is never insensitive to the poetry of the play; and though a newcomer to Stratford, he uses the thrust stage with authority and boldness.

While the three Shakespeare plays share the main theatre, the festival presents a varied repertory on the proscenium stage of the Avon Theatre in downtown Stratford. Strindberg's *The Dance of Death* opened after I left Stratford; so did *Rose Latulippe*, a new full-length ballet, based on a Quebec legend and performed by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. The festival's production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, directed by Jean Gascon, had its shortcomings, but still made a good deal more sense dramatically than most productions of this difficult work. And, as it has not often done in the past, the festival also presented a new play, *The Last of the Tsars*, commissioned from Michael Bawtree at the last moment, after another new play about the Russian Revolution was tried out (in Winnipeg) and found wanting.

Bawtree has been influenced by *A Man for All Seasons*, and by the work of Wilder and Pirandello; his characters constantly stop what they are doing to address the audience directly, and the play keeps jumping backward and forward in time. These devices increase the facility with which the author can control and comment upon the action, and Bawtree uses them often effectively, often self-consciously, sometimes clumsily. He also

AT 35

Father, what would you make of me? I wear your face.
I hear my cough and think the worms have sent you home.
Here at my table in my insubstantial house,
your myth of hope,
the piece of man you left,
I live your death
stroke for stroke.

There are no vows you did not keep I will not break.
I leave no darkness unacknowledged for your sake.
You are the school I teach. The course I take.
I move toward age, and you become my son.
Along the path ahead
you lift aside
the branches.

BARRY SPACKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uses documentary technique, bringing political and military events into his picture by the simple and effective device of having someone announce them, headline style. Bawtree is a witty and promising writer, full of ideas, working on significant and highly charged material.

Yet his play is not, I think, a generally viable script. He concedes that the Romanovs had to go, but he is in love with their glamour; he believes that something splendid, like Cyrano's white plume, went out of the world with them. But the language in which he writes about the Romanov glory is often hackneyed, and in spite of all his rhetoric he shows us an empire lost not through grand, splendid, outdated chivalry but through mere petty stupidity. Furthermore, Bawtree's protagonist, the Grand Duke Michael (who became the last of the czars when his brother Nicholas abdicated), never comes into focus. He has much to say but little to do, and he reveals little of himself.

In Michael Langham's splendid production, however, *The Last of the Tsars* makes an interesting evening. Leslie Hurry's sets and costumes are spectacular but not oppressive, and the acting (as usual at Stratford) is excellent.

It is good to see the festival putting its tremendous resources at the service of a new playwright, for a change. Bawtree has had his problems with *The Last of the Tsars*, but this is his first full-length play, and as such it is a remarkable achievement. As with any new playwright, it is an open question whether or not his defects will end by crippling his qualities, but the qualities are there. If the festival continues to encourage him, it may some day turn out to have made yet another significant contribution to the English-speaking theatre at large.

In Ypsilanti, Mich., a small and hitherto undistinguished city near Detroit, some people seem to have taken note of what has been done at Stratford. A Mrs. Clara Owens decided that Ypsilanti ought to have a festival of its own, devoted primarily to Greek drama; and, like Stratford, Ypsilanti determined to have the best. The Ypsilanti Greek Theatre was launched with a budget of $800,000. The new organization hired as its artistic director Alexis Solomos, for fourteen years the artistic director of the National Theatre of Greece; it recruited a distinguished company headed by Dame Judith Anderson and Bert Lahr (unfortunately the two do not appear in the same play); and it spent $100,000 to convert a small baseball stadium into a reasonable facsimile of a classical Greek amphitheatre, with the traditional circular space marked out as the main playing area, and the traditional rectangular platform behind it. Finally, on June 28 and 29 of this year, it unveiled the two productions that comprise its first season: the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus and *The Birds* of Aristophanes.

If the Ypsilanti festival survives, it will be the only professional theatre ever to give sustained attention to the difficult question of how—and whether—Greek drama can make great theatre in English.

It may be that W. H. Auden's view — that the Greek classics in English have more historical and anthropological than aesthetic interest — applies especially to the theatre. Having been raised on Shakespeare, we love particularity in our dramas, details of character, quirkiness even, but the Greek plays are remorselessly general. We love swift action, but the Greek plays are stately and slow (being frequently brought to a dead halt by choruses with a fatal gift of platitude). The plays deal cogently with questions that are highly pertinent to our own lives, but the symbols and conventions by which they deal with them have had 2,000 years in which to lose their ability to rouse our emotions. And, in addition to all this, there are the difficulties of translation, which Greek speakers tell us are wellnigh insuperable.

Solomos' two productions this year are interesting as curiosities (so *this* is the *Oresteia* . . .), but as aesthetic experiences they are less than overwhelming. The *Oresteia* is by far the better of the two productions, but even so I was reminded of the dictum of that great critic Christopher Sly: "This is a very excellent piece of work; would 'twere done." Solomos has condensed Richmond Lattimore's translation of the trilogy into a long evening's playing time; it was half over when Karen Ludwig as Electra recognized that Orestes was nearby, and I was touched by emotion for the first time.

Miss Ludwig is 23 years old, and a find; she plays Electra with plenty of strength and an appealing girlish awkwardness. Donald Davis makes an imposing Agamemnon, and Richard Mangoode brings a welcome touch of ordinary humanity as a breezy Herald. Dame Judith Anderson, with her splendid bearing and her defiant air, appears in all three parts of the trilogy as Clytemnestra, but her reputation led me to hope for a great explosion that somehow never came.

The Chorus of Elders in the *Agamemnon* was a bit of a washout, since behind their beards the Elders were obviously very young; the female chorus in the other two parts of the trilogy was much better. (The Furies, however, could hardly have scared a child, though we are told that in the first production of the *Oresteia* they were so terrible of aspect that a woman in the audience had a miscarriage on the spot.) Helen McGehee, the choreographer, evidently felt more at ease with the women; Miss McGehee is a member of Martha Graham's company, and the Graham idiom is quite appropriate to Aeschylus. Solomos' staging is dignified and formal, with no directorial hocus-pocus, no attempt to get the play even part way down from its pedestal, or to transpose it into terms more comprehensible to the 20th century. And perhaps that approach is what Aeschylus needs.

It is without doubt what Aristophanes needs. He is the most topical of dramatists; were he writing today, *The Birds* would be full of LBJ and Elizabeth Taylor. Solomos' efforts at topicality are few and feeble, and so are his attempts at

WORLD'S BEST?

TRY IT AND SEE

☐ 7-month subscription —$4.79 (reg. $8 per year)
☐ Commentary Card catalog—10¢ (handsome reproductions of historic Jewish art)

COMMENTARY NA
165 East 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Name
Address
City State Zip

you work hard for that dollar all your life..

make sure you reap the rewards!

Let us send you information about our exciting retirement plans. Call or write giving us your date of birth and the age at which you want to retire. We'll introduce you to a rather startling concept which may change your attitude about saving for retirement. You'll love the rewards of our retirement plans.

Jafco Life AGENCY, INC.

INSURANCE SPECIALISTS
431 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
MU 4-5779

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slapstick; if the play meant anything to him at all, there was no trace of it in his direction. The scenery and costumes by Eldon Elder and the choreography by Gemze De Lappe are similarly unimaginative; much of the acting is merely annoying. Bert Lahr bravely gives his usual performance, but even he cannot make much headway against so many obstacles. (William Arrowsmith's unidiomatic translation, full of painfully bad jokes, is another obstacle.) The play is short enough, and the whole experience is odd enough, so that the proceedings never become entirely boring; but surely a better case can be made for Aristophanes than this.

Blowup in Cincinnati

ROBERT PASOLLI

Mr. Pasolli worked at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis on a Ford Foundation grant and was later associated with the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York.

Mrs. Murray: *All men are a challenge, Mr. Price.*

Price: *They may be to you, Mrs. Murray — in fact, I can well imagine it — but this one's a dare.*

Price is talking about Valentine Brose, the hero of *Eh?*, a wonderful play by England's newest export, Henry Livings. What plagues Price in the play is what plagues me about the play. *Eh?* is as nonconformist as its hero and keeps breaking the molds I put it in. More precisely, it keeps breaking the molds it taunts me to put it in. Rather than delineate the frustrating argument I've been conducting between the play's claims for farce versus *comédie de caractère*, and for serious intent versus idiot's delight, I'll let it go by saying that *Eh?* is a mix of these and an original.

I met Mr. Livings on his way through New York to rehearsals for the American première of *Eh?* at the Cincinnati Playhouse in the Park, and remember his fondness for shaking up people's convictions. He calls it "surprising them with the truth." At the time I didn't realize that he had accomplished with the play what Valentine Brose accomplishes in the play.

Not that either playwright or hero goes about it very deliberately. On the contrary, it seems entirely natural and, in Val's case, even unconscious. Val is the night shift in the boiler room of a provincial English factory, the bane of the works manager (Price), the personnel lady (Mrs. Murray) and the local parson, a champion of smoke abatement. The boiler's demands are minimal—"*Be* here, *watch* the thing, *press* the button, *oil* the bearings," is the way Price puts it—but Val is too disoriented to cope. The opposition organizes to get rid of him, but Val has been cultivating some giant mushrooms which provide a hallucinatory diversion, and the untended boiler blows up as the play comes to its end.

The title of the play represents the characteristic tacit reaction to Val's behavior and suggests the most significant thing about him: his eccentricity unnerves the others as much as his incapability infuriates them. Unable to function in the world of operatives, Val represents the individual awash within the collective. He simply doesn't (won't?, can't?) play the game. Because *Eh?* is a comedy, he wins the immediate contest.

The outrageousness of the ending strikes me as something of a cop-out, but it is only one factor whereby the serious intention of *Eh?* sits uneasily in its nest of comedy. The play is really a constant surprise; just as you think you know what it's up to, it turns a new corner and you're lost again. But as Mr. Livings obviously believes in the salubrity of surprise, I won't question the play further on that point.

I do think that it must be produced with every concern for hilarity. Only if the action is uproariously funny will the audience overlook the fact that it really doesn't understand what's going on. The Cincinnati production, although generally good, tended to bog one down in the uncomfortable sense of how queer the play is.

The error lay in the direction, I think, which failed to integrate the play's disparate actions and which paced the action much too slow. A director has to contend with actors, of course, and a few in this company gave the impression that they couldn't have moved faster if director Melvin Bernhardt had snapped a whip. The speech, while admirably imitative of North Country English, tied up more than one tongue, and that also slowed things down. (I would like to see *Eh?* Americanized throughout for productions here; the regional locutions and topical references seriously diluted the impact of the play.)

Sam Waterston played Val with the youthful flair one expects of him, but his manner was somewhat light for the full articulation of the character. Although he succeeded in winning sympathy for Val, he didn't solve the main problem of the role: to integrate Val's disconnected, seemingly gratuitous outbursts into the characterization. But Mr. Waterston provided many delights, including a wonderfully facile movement that proceeded all in twitches and trembles.

Charles Cioffi was a superb Price, as one would expect of this impressive actor. Conveying the fullness of the gruff, pushy, but vulnerable character, Cioffi won good will for Price without alienating the audience from Val. Price is a beautiful character—Livings' best, I think—and it was a pleasure to see him done by Mr. Cioffi, who is a fine example of the young actor polishing his talent from the wide experience available in the burgeoning regional theatre. Among the other actors, I liked Linda Segal as Val's fiancée once I got used to her angular characterization. The production was cleverly designed for Cincinnati's tiny three-quarter stage by Douglas W. Schmidt, and Mr. Bernhardt made facile use of the area in blocking the complex action.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)

PERSONALS

Legalize Abortion

Humanitarians and libertarians desiring to take independent lawful action to quicken legalization of abortion are invited to contact:
LEGALIZE ABORTION
P.O.B. 24163, Los Angeles, Cal. 90024

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 9-19-66
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

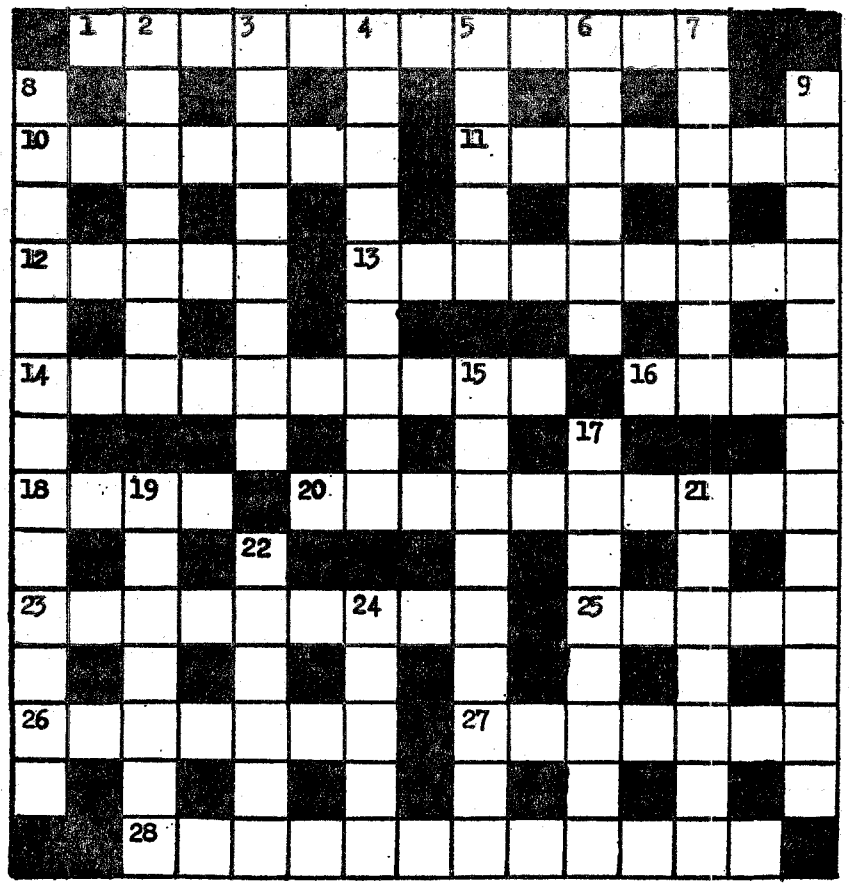
☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....
STATE ..... ZIP NO. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1167

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A fine lad in Ireland; Ireland rule is only relative! (7-2-3)
10 The half-size type, competing as the covetous might be. (7)
11 Bring back an animal boat in agreement with another animal. (7)
12 Evidently an occupied base of opera. (5)
13 The part of London where I throw a lot of weight. (9)
14 Where women pick up some of their habits. (5, 5)
16 Could be considered dead writing. (4)
18 Takes the starch out of fools, colloquially. (4)
20 and 7 down It might be suiting Schubert's work to get beaten. (10, 7)
23 Right there in some kind of trouble. (2, 3, 4)
25 Her early crossing may have been rough, but her newer vehicle ran very well. (5)
26 See 4 down
27 Things might turn on the way one carries himself. (7)
28 Not the ones lit by neon? (Their sentiments may be less dear, with less timely delivery.) (5, 7)

DOWN:

2 Bacon pronounced it a kind of wild justice. (7)
3 Spare property? (8)
4 and 26 across People eagerly competent, ready for a spin? (7, 2, 3, 4)
5 Press a sort of fruit with a soft center? (5)
6 Beating, or just tying? (6)
7 See 20 across
8 Movie travelogue featuring island dress? (7, 6)
9 For flag measurements, on the line? (8, 5)
15 Negative description, if good — and not too shocking! (9)
17 Former French D. C. native. (2-6)
19 A model of clever speech, right to the point. (7)
21 More like Ainu. (7)
22 Little Nancy takes little Margaret around the island. (6)
24 One in a secret plan — possibly the leader. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1166

ACROSS: 1 Source material; 9 Incites; 10 Radiant; 11 and 17 Clean-shaven; 12 Fineness; 14 Nursing; 15 Until; 19 Thorium; 21 In camera; 23 Shogun; 25 Eristic; 27 Deathless prose. DOWN: 1 Sailcloth; 2 Unclean; 3 Cut and run; 4 Must; 5 Tarkington; 6 Ridge; 7 Anapest; 8 Otis; 13 and 26 Historical present; 15 Uriah Heep; 16 Lorgnette; 18 Vaccine; 20 Magneto; 21 Ives; 22 Motet; 24 Apes.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

$2.95 each

SAVE YOUR COPIES OF THE NATION

• Each file holds a full year's copies.
• Jesse Jones Volume Files for every publication.
• Covered in durable leather like Kivar, title embossed in 16 Kt gold.
Satisfaction guaranteed

Attractive and practical for your home or office

3 for $8.25

ORDER NOW — send check or money order.

MAGAZINE FILE CO.
520 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

FREE DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER UPON REQUEST

PUBLICATIONS

THE FIRST TIME I LIVE
by Will Slotnikoff
Discursive Introduction by Henry Miller
A romantic book about the writing of a book and the birth of a writer. Includes an exchange of letters with Henry Miller on the Creative Process in Action.
Paperback, $2.25 postpaid, 238 pp.
MANCHESTER LANE EDITIONS
1409 Nicholson St., N. W.
Washington 11, D.C.
Also available through Gotham Book Mart

THE IDLER. Lively, offbeat liberal monthly. Fun to read. Send $2 for trial year's subscription. **IDLER, 413 6th Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002**

HOMOSEXUAL theme fiction, non-fiction listing available free. **Trojan Book Service, Box 2121B, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.**

"SELECTED POEMS" of George Flynn (Villiers of London. $2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound."—James Turner. **Available in U.S. from the author at 544 — 82 St., Brooklyn 9, N. Y.**

Read **THE TORTURE OF MOTHERS** by **Truman Nelson.** Send $1. to: **GARRISON PRESS, 15 Olive Street, Newburyport, Mass.**

FOREIGN PAPERBACKS and Discount Books. Free lists. **P. O. Box 767-J, San Leandro, California 94577.**

ART

ORIGINALS COST LESS THAN REPRODUCTIONS! Contemporary original signed etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, $3.50. Guarantee. Free brochure. **GRAPHIC CIRCLE (NA), 68 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011.**

BUY YOUR BOOKS through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks), published in the U.S., at the regular retail price post-free. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible. Remittance must accompany order. Make checks payable to The Nation.

Please address your orders to
THE NATION
Reader's Service Division
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10014

Composition by R.C.R. Publication Printers Corp., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With every **new** subscription to

THE NATION

THE FERVENT YEARS

by Harold Clurman, 302 pages; list price, $1.75

In this book, a classic in its field, The Nation's drama critic recalls the ideals, personalities, triumphs and errors behind the Group Theatre. That brilliant experiment in the American theatre brought together such then little-known talents as Lee Strasberg, Cheryl Crawford, Clifford Odets, Franchot Tone, Elia Kazan, John Garfield, Irwin Shaw; it produced such memorable and influential plays as *Men in White, Johnny Johnson, Awake and Sing, My Heart's in the Highlands* and *Golden Boy*. But beyond recapturing the excitement of those people and events, Mr. Clurman, himself a founder and director of the Group, has written one of the best social and intellectual histories of the 1930s—those tumultuous, tormented and fervent years that a new generation has just begun to discover with mounting pleasure and excitement.

"Has the fascination of a novel. . . . Mr. Clurman's 'characters' . . . wander in and out of his pages as undraped as if, spiritually at least, they were at a nudist colony."
—John Mason Brown

"A tale of almost heroic struggle, of clashing vanities, of successes and mistakes, which will always have a place in the history of our stage."
—Walter Pritchard Eaton, New York Herald Tribune

"Light on the forces in the theatre and in the surrounding social and economic climate of the thirties that drew this wildly assorted collection of actors, directors, writers and eager aspirants into a vociferous effort to create a unity in which they could work and through which they might also live."
—Theatre Arts

For your FREE copy of THE FERVENT YEARS, fill out subscription coupon below, and start receiving The Nation, this country's oldest (1865) weekly journal of dissenting opinion.

THE NATION **333 Sixth Avenue** **New York, N.Y. 10014**

Herewith is my order and payment for a NEW subscription to The Nation. Please send me FREE a copy of THE FERVENT YEARS.

☐ One Year, $10 ☐ Two Years, $18 ☐ 6 Months, $6

(Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 per year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP No. _____

9-19-66

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED